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SCOTTISH BALLADS

A ballad may be loosely defined as a short epic poem in lyric form, treating of a single action and (usually) its immediate consequences. It differs from the song in that the poet, almost invariably, keeps his own emotions concealed: he is but the teller of the tale, and the wrath, or grief, or pity are those of his personages. From this point of view we might call Schiller's "Diver," Southey's "Old Woman of Berkeley," Tennyson's "Victim," and Cowper's "John Gilpin" ballads.

But the poetry here to be considered consists of Popular Ballads. The popular ballad is a species of poetry which has arisen among the people as distinct from the literary class: it deals with subjects in which the people generally will feel interest, therefore with things touching them nearly, or at least within their mental horizon; of subjects which have interest in themselves, apart from the mode of treatment. It is simple in style, and swift in progress; it eschews literary graces, such as classical allusions, suggestions, figures, or ingenuities of versification; it is, above all things, sincere in tone.

Now if we apply these canons to the four pieces mentioned, we shall see that they are all excluded by our first canon, all being obviously (even if we did not know the authorship) the work of literary men. The "Diver" and the "Victim," reciting happenings in distant lands and dim remote times, are excluded by our second canon as lying outside the popular horizon. "John Gilpin," being only a story of a London citizen whose horse runs away with him, would be excluded by our third canon, the

subject having little interest or consequence in itself. The "Old Woman of Berkeley" would be excluded by our fourth, for though it deals with a popular superstition very suitable for ballad poetry, it does so in a mocking skeptical style—the poet does not in the least believe his own story — while the genuine ballad is always sincere.

Genuine popular ballads, arising among the people, repeating their natural thoughts and feelings, and treasured in their memories, will deal with subjects within their possible, if not actual, experience. Deeds of patriotic heroism, of personal prowess, terrible or lamentable catastrophes, love and the sufferings of unhappy or guilty lovers, will form the most common staple. The nearer they come to the individual, the more likely they are to be popular: the feuds of a family or clan, rather than the wars of nations; the love of a simple knight or squire, rather than that of a king.

I think we may be sure that a far greater number of ballads have been composed and attained popularity, than those which have been preserved entire or in fragments. Accident and time would account for the loss of many; and many, no doubt, perished for lack of the elements which would have given them permanency.

The operation of the general law of the survival of the fittest and passing of the less fit, during the period of oral transmission has, I think, hardly received sufficient attention from students of ballad literature. It must have had a levelling effect, and tended to eliminate both the worst and the best poetry: the worst, because it would fail to interest or charm, and the best, because originality, or depth or subtlety of thought or feeling appeals to only a few, and not to rude and simple minds. Browning's psychological studies and penetrating analysis would have fixed a ballad-singer's audience in a vacant stare of incomprehension. The work of a more richly gifted singer would not (as in the world of letters) tend to lift up his contemporaries and successors. This cause has operated in reducing the whole mass of ballads to a certain general level, and in eliminating the personal note. The ballad-writer aimed, not at saying things as they had never been said before, but at saying them as they had

always been said. *Proprie communia dicere* was just what the ballad composer eschewed. Certain phrases, certain modes of action, became stereotyped, as it were, and were expected by the audience. Thus the ballads, either by normal composition, or by attrition, or by elimination, have been levelled to such a similarity that not only can we not group them by probable authorship, but often cannot certainly fix the locality of their origin.

But as the ballads came to be committed to print, the operation of the law of elimination ceased. The veriest doggerel, once embalmed in type, may escape annihilation for centuries, be exhumed by an antiquarian, reproduced by some society in a luxurious edition, and, like the works of the hapless John Lundie, be scorned and flouted by its own editor. And when men can get their history, traditions, or poetry printed in books, they begin to cease handing them down by memory. Old songs and ballads may linger awhile, recited at the fireside, or sung at merry-makings, but the production of popular ballads gradually ceases. Then follows the period of neglect, and then the production of literary imitations, which may be weak echoes, or utterly out of the key, or may be really good poetry, but are, in every case, something quite different.

The difficulties and obscurities which beset the whole question of the ballads,—and they are most perplexing—may be grouped under three heads: their age, their authorship, their authenticity.

With regard to their age, if we were guided by language alone, we could say positively that not one is older than the seventeenth century. The Scottish diction is very modern; it is liberally sprinkled with Southern words, and allusions to Southern manners. This, however, might easily be accounted for. The ballads have been preserved for generations orally, few, it would seem, having been committed to paper before the eighteenth century. If they were current in men's mouths when the Bannatyne and Maitland MSS. were compiled, the compilers did not think them worthy of transcription. The reciters would naturally vary the text by default of memory, or with a view to improvement, or by substituting a later word for one that had become obsolete.

In this way the language would be, more or less, in continual flux; and different versions would present great verbal differences. The only certain criterion is a negative one: if a ballad commemorates an identifiable historic occurrence, we know that it was not written before that occurrence. For instance, we know that "Johnnie Armstrong's Last Good Night" was written after 1528. But even here there comes an uncertainty: some older ballads have been altered to fit later occurrences.

One critic takes the ground that the original composition of any ballad must have been pretty near the occurrence that it commemorates, because, he says, facts are handed down by oral transmission for not more than three generations. He offers no proof of this assertion, and it is certainly not self-evident.

At a time when scarce any but churchmen and wealthy nobles could write, and books were almost exclusively the property of the clergy, the literature of the people must have consisted almost entirely of traditions and stories handed down from father to son, and told at the fireside. Events that were insignificant in history might have deep and enduring interest as the experience of an ancestor, or part of the body of clan-tradition. Local associations would keep memories alive: a ford where a youth was drowned; a pass where a stubborn battle had been fought; an aged tree which had served for some execution of justice or vengeance; a blackened ruin that told of a memorable raid—such things would have a local immortality; and the tales would live in men's minds until some poet embodied them in verse.

It is true that popular ballads were sung in very early times. Barbour, writing in the last half of the fourteenth century, excuses himself for omitting to tell of the victory of Sir John Soulis over the English at Eskdale, on the ground that

"Yong wemen, quhen thai will play,
Sing it amang thame ilka day."

And in the *Complaynt of Scotland* (sixteenth century) we have a list of tales and songs, some of which correspond, in subject at least, to extant ballads. But we cannot identify them with any

of the ballads which have descended to our time. The utmost that we can say is that it is possible some of the ballads may have originated in the fifteenth, or even the fourteenth century, but that the texts as we now have them are two or three centuries later, and we do not know how far they represent the ancient originals, if such there were.

The very earliest historical incident which is held by some critics to be commemorated in a ballad, is supposed to be the foundation of "Sir Patrick Spens." Sir Patrick, a skilful navigator, is sent by the King of Scots "to bring hame the King's daughter of Noroway." He goes in safety, but on his return encounters a storm which sinks the ship with all on board. Now the phrase "to bring hame the King's daughter of Noroway," would seem to mean to bring a Norwegian princess to Scotland; but there is no record of any such voyage ending in shipwreck. So some have supposed that the voyage was undertaken to carry a Scottish princess to Norway. Hence there arise three conjectures: The first is that it refers to the expedition sent by Alexander III in 1281 to carry his daughter Margaret to wed King Eric of Norway. The outward voyage was prosperous, but the ship on its return, after leaving the princess, encountered a storm, and some persons perished. The second supposition is that it refers to an expedition sent by the Regents of Scotland, after Alexander's death, to bring home his granddaughter, the daughter of Eric and Margaret, who was the lineal heir to the throne. She was certainly the King's daughter of Noroway; but there is no record of any shipwreck in this case. The third supposition is that it refers to an expedition dispatched by James III, about two hundred years later, to bring his bride, the daughter of the King of Denmark. But here again there is no record of any shipwreck. My own opinion is that the ballad has no historical foundation. Certainly the text, as we have it, is not older than the seventeenth century.

The latest verifiable historical incident serving as the foundation of a popular ballad, is the rescue of Kinmont Willie from Carlisle Castle by the Warden, Scott of Buccleuch, in 1596.

Mr. Jamieson, in his *Popular Ballads and Songs*, and afterwards in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, has pointed out the similarity between the Scandinavian and Scottish ballads as a whole, as well as between individual ballads turning upon identical, or at least similar incidents, from which he argues that the two have had a common source. We know that a very considerable Scandinavian element entered into the population of Scotland, and that in early historic times the western and northern islands and a considerable portion of Scotland itself were under Scandinavian rule. I might add to this two other elements that appear in the ballads, which are frequent in Scandinavian sagas, but are wholly alien to the original and indigenous Scottish literature: the delight in revolting atrocities, such as women or children burned to death, and mutilations or other atrocious vengeance or punishments; and secondly, the strange supernatural element, to which I shall refer later. These qualities are conspicuous in the old Norse poetry, and markedly absent from the older Scottish or English literature. It is possible that their invasion may be due to Keltic influence—a point which I shall presently consider—but there still remains the *crux*:—how did these find their way into the ballads and yet not leave any trace in the written literature?

One must not, however, let similarities carry us too far. Many of the motives, such as vengeance for the slaughter of a kinsman, the abduction of a wife, punishment of a faithless spouse or lover, cruelty of a stepmother, jealousy between sisters, betrayal and abandonment of a woman, belong to the literature of all races and ages. They may happen anywhere and at any time, and the local poet merely gives them place and name.

Many of these problems might be solved if we could answer the unanswerable question: Who were the original authors of these ancient ballads? That they were not of the literary class we know, as we have a catena of literary poetry from the fourteenth century down, and style, diction, mode of treatment, feeling—in fact the whole conception of life and of poetry—are altogether different. Fletcher of Saltoun, in a much over-quoted passage, remarks: "I once knew a very wise man who

said, 'Let me make the ballads of a people——', and so forth. Then Fletcher's very wise man said a very foolish thing. Being a wise man he could not have done it. Wise men, not a few, have tried their hands at it with disastrous miscarriage.

The whole matter is one of the most vexed questions in the history of literature. How popular ballads have arisen, how they were developed and modified, are questions on which a prodigious amount of scholarship, antiquarian lore, ingenuity, paradox, and wild absurdity—even to the extent of maintaining that popular ballads have not been composed by anybody, but have come together by a spontaneous crystallization of fluid memories and feelings—have been lavished. Upon this sea of fog and mist I will not embark.

I think we shall find safe footing if we take the ground that if there is a poem, there must have been a poet. The incidents, if invented, presuppose an inventor; if historical, must have been common property. Some person or persons put them together into a poem, which others learned to repeat. Changed they have been, of course; but there is no escaping the admission that they began with somebody. "Somebody must have thought of everything first: I can see that," said Lucius Balbinus.

A favorite theory is that of wandering minstrels who composed ballads on popular themes, and went from place to place, singing them. Minstrels we know there were at the courts of the Angevin kings, but their songs were for the court—lays of chivalry, of love, or of devotion. Their office was held in high esteem. But were there such minstrels in Scotland? Two are pointed out: Blind Harry in the fifteenth century, who recited the exploits of Wallace, and Nicol Burne at the end of the seventeenth. But neither Blind Harry nor Burne left any ballads. Their productions are distinctly literary. The *Wallace* is a long epic poem in twelve books, in ten-syllable couplets. The author shows his reading, knew Latin, and addressed a cultivated audience. He recited to nobles and gentlemen and was a pensioner of the king. Burne's extant productions are pure songs, having nothing of the narrative character of the ballad.

Those who contend for the minstrel theory point to records of payment by the court or by cities to minstrels, and to laws

punishing vagrant minstrels as vagabonds and strollers, with exception of those who were employed by nobles, gentlemen, or cities. But there is no proof that these were anything but musicians. Some of them may have sung to their own accompaniment; but that there were any poets among them there is no evidence at all, and surely there should be some. And it may be noted that the word minstrel is hardly known to the old ballads, though in the sense of musician it is found in the romances.

That there were strolling ballad-singers may be readily admitted. But what we want is not Autolycus the peddler with his bundle of printed ballads about a "fish that appeared upon the coast upon Wednesday the fourscore of April," nor Sidney's blind crowder singing Chevy Chase to his humble instrument, but the man who put Chevy Chase into song. Autolycus does indeed give the composer of his fish-ballad against the hard hearts of women, namely the fish herself; and this does in some sort concur with Steinthal's view that the ballads were not composed by any person; but a study of the character of Autolycus makes me hesitate to accept his testimony.

To pursue the difficulties further would be tedious and unprofitable. The reasonable conclusion is that the old popular ballads were composed by persons whom we can neither name, identify, nor date; that they were diffused and perpetuated by oral transmission, undergoing many changes in the process, and that the versions as we have them can claim no great antiquity.

The third question is that of authenticity. This is a different question from that of the antiquity of the text. We know that, supposing a given ballad to be of older composition than the seventeenth, or close of the sixteenth century, we have not the ancient original text. As I said, by default of memory, by the substitution of more familiar words and phrases, perhaps by considerations of the metre, the rhymes, or the grammar, these have undergone alterations to an unknown extent. In this there is no intentional bad faith. But to foist in new matter; to aim at effects foreign to the original; to trim and polish the text to suit new standards of taste or the editor's notions of literary propriety—this is fraud and forgery, and of all this they have suf-

fered much. In the eighteenth century certain canons of taste prevailed, and editors who dealt with this poetry, like Macpherson with his Gaelic traditions, thought they were doing excellent service by pruning away crudities, softening harshnesses, polishing the metre, adding noble or pathetic touches here and there, and generally making it more like what it would have been had they written it themselves. Allan Ramsay, to whom we can forgive much, was a grievous offender in this sort, and in his work the conflict between an instinct for nature and simplicity, and his acquired ideas of what Donne calls "poetiqueness," produces dissonances that curdle the blood. But Bishop Percy—peace to his manes for preserving the precious folio—was a far more heinous malefactor. He, at least, should have known what an editor's duty is; yet he did not hesitate to fill up gaps, to curtail here and to expand there, to inlay elegant flowers of eighteenth century grace and sentiment which set a reader's teeth on edge by their intolerable incongruity; and all this without a word of intimation to the reader, keeping his manuscript-book carefully concealed, but happily not destroying it, as Macpherson did with his manuscripts. Percy's own phrase, that the ancient ballads are "in the true spirit of chivalry," shows how utterly he failed to seize the ballad spirit. For the spirit of chivalry, meaning a high standard of personal honor and good faith, magnanimity toward an adversary, gentleness and tenderness toward the weak and toward women, an abhorrence of barbarity and cruelty, such a spirit as we find in the old romances—this is exactly what does not characterize these ballads.

Less injurious, though hardly more honorable, was the attempt to palm off complete compositions as genuine old ballads. Pinkerton tried his hand at this. Cromek's *Nithsdale and Galloway Song* is mostly forgeries and interpolations. Allan Cunningham's *Songs of Scotland* is cooked, doctored, and stuffed with his own manufacture. The practice became epidemic toward the close of the eighteenth century, when men of literary gifts and talents thought it a capital joke to pass off compositions of their own as genuine antiques, just as Steevens later illustrated Shakespeare by scraps of old songs and the like, most

happily apposite—only he made them up for the occasion. Cunningham palmed off forgeries upon Cromek, and Surtees chuckled with glee when he inveigled Scott into printing "Barthram's Dirge," and "The Death of Featherstonhaugh" in the *Border Minstrelsy*. Among them they succeeded in throwing suspicion on all the ballads.

The story of the transmission of these ballads is not so perplexing. After printing became common, they were printed on broadsides and sold by strolling peddlers and others. Lovers of that kind of literature collected them, as in the case of the celebrated Captain Cox, who, as Laneham tells us in 1575, had more than a hundred. They were often pasted on the walls of country houses, and Addison tells us that he found the "Children in the Wood" in that situation.

In the reign of James VI editors began to collect groups of songs and ballads belonging to certain localities, and to publish the collections in what were called "Garlands." Dryden was struck by the vigor of some of the old ballads, and included several in the *Miscellany Poems* which he edited. Playford, in his *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (generally attributed to d'Urfey), has a few in very corrupt versions. The dramatists are fond of introducing bits of ballads; and Master Merrythought, in Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," is as full of scraps of ballads as Sancho Panza is of proverbs.

The first considerable published collection of English ballads appeared in 1723, followed by a second and a third part in 1726 and 1727. The editor (thought by some to be Ambrose Phillips) is a little apologetic for introducing such rustic and homely verse to the refined public. In 1724 Allan Ramsay brought out his *Ever-Green*, a collection of old Scottish poems, largely from the Bannatyne MS.

About the middle of the century there were signs of a renewed drift in the direction of poetry of nature and simplicity, together with a more correct notion of an editor's duties. Capell, in 1760, published his *Prolusions*, in which he conscientiously adheres to the integrity of ancient texts, and gives an unsophisticated version of "The Not-browne Maid," which Prior had so bedizened in his "Henry and Emma." In the

same year prodigious interest was aroused on the subject of ancient romantic poetry by Macpherson's *Ossian*, and the controversy that raged around it. In 1764 appeared Evans's *Specimens of the Poetry of the Ancient Welsh Bards*. At the same time Gray was writing his "Bard," "The Descent of Odin," and other poems in the same line; and the ill-starred Chatterton, in pieces like "Syr Charles Baudwyn," came nearer to the true ballad style than anyone else. A strong interest in traditional popular poetry was awakening.

And now, the time being ripe, occurred the most important event in the history of English ballad poetry.

There was a vicar of a Northamptonshire parish, one Thomas Percy, the son of a grocer, but very anxious to filiate himself upon the great Northern family of that name. Percy was an Oxford graduate with a taste for literature and antiquarianism. While on a visit to a friend, he saw an old MS. folio knocking about in a sadly dilapidated condition, the maids having occasionally torn leaves out of it to light fires. Seeing that it contained poems, Percy begged it. He also, later, got hold of a quarto MS. containing similar pieces, but copies of printed poems. In 1765 he published his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. Percy was a little afraid that the pieces might seem rude and uncouth in so refined an age, and prefixed an apologetic preface. To take the bad taste out of his readers' mouths, he added a few elegancies by Shenstone, Grainger, and others.

This we can readily pardon; but what is not so easy to forgive is his manipulation of his texts, which he polished and trimmed and dressed up in various ways, slipping in elegancies and graces of his own—all without intimation.

Critics like Ritson, who knew old work, immediately detected the false notes, and called on Percy to produce his old folio; but this for a long time he refused to do. He yielded, however, so far as to let a few persons see the book, but would not let them collate it with his text. Not until 1868 was it printed in full and accurately. I may add that it was by no means an ancient manuscript, having been written about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The *Reliques*, though sneered at by the hide-bound classicists, exercised a great influence. They started a general collecting of old popular poetry. In the Scottish field, Herd's collection was published in 1769; Hailes' *Ancient Scottish Poems* in 1770; Pinkerton's collections in 1781 and 1783; Johnson's *Scots Musical Miscellany* (of songs old and new) in 1787 to 1803; Ritson's *Scottish Song*, 1794; and Sibbald's *Chronicles of Scottish Poetry* in 1802.

The next great event, after the appearance of the *Reliques*, was the publication of Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* in 1802-3. Here for the first time we have in the editor the combination of poetic genius, enthusiasm for the subject, and historical and antiquarian knowledge. Scott added considerably to the treasure of traditional poetry collected from manuscripts, from the recitations of hawkers, shepherds, and old women, and his inspiring work stimulated others. Robert Jamieson brought out his *Popular Songs and Ballads* in 1806. Motherwell, in 1827, printed his *Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an excellent introduction and notes. In the same year Kinloch printed his *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. In 1828 a new field was opened in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland*, thus supplementing Scott, whose researches were almost wholly limited to the southern border. Since that time there have been many publications on the subject; by far the greatest of all being Professor Child's monumental work.

And now to speak of the general characteristics of these ballads.

The loose definition given at the outset would cover the productions of literary men. The subject for consideration is the popular ballad of unknown authorship, handed down orally, in most cases, before it was committed to writing.

In comparing these with literary forms, we find marked differences in both the conception and the mode of handling.

Perhaps the most striking difference is the impersonality of the ballad. The composer never lets his own presence be felt. Just the opposite of the writers of the old romances, who perpetually injected their own sympathies, the balladist says nothing of his own feelings. If sympathy is to be expressed, it must be by some

one of the personages: the victim's mother must beat her breast, or his love rend her golden hair, or his little son vow revenge. Nor does he ever draw a moral, and bid his hearers beware of sudden wrath or jealousy, or even unhallowed love, however grim the catastrophe. He tells the story simply and straightforward: this was what happened; you may make what application of it you please. Pointing a moral, as well as adorning a tale, is a pretty certain mark of forgery or interpolation. Scott, in his "Eve of St. John," shows the hand of a modern when the spectre of her murdered lover warns the lady of the guilt of lawless love; a thing no ancient ballad-maker would have done. In fact, the genuine ballad eschews all marks of literary design: the poet has a tale to tell, not a sermon to preach. Any intimation of such a design renders a ballad suspicious.

There is never any attempt at subtlety or peculiarity of passion. The passions are always simple and primitive: love of kindred and friends; devotion to the clan or chief; love between the sexes; hatred of an enemy; courage in combat or peril; triumph over a vanquished foe; indignation at the treachery of an enemy; rejoicing at successful treachery on our own part; wrath, blood-thirstiness, cruelty—in fact, I may say that the whole moral atmosphere is pagan.

It is no answer to this to say that the ballads are full of Christian allusions to saints and to "Our Lady." In "Brown Robyn," when the hero is drowning, "Our Blessed Lady" asks him if he prefers to be put on shore, or to go to heaven with her; or when the carline's dead sons visit her, wearing garlands gathered in Paradise, we have Christian allusions, but there is no more religious feeling than in *Beowulf*. *Beowulf* himself—except for praying, of which he knew nothing—would have felt quite at home in this atmosphere. Only in the ballads that deal with the supernatural is there any distinct reference to a future state, and then it is a sort of ghost-land, like the Keltic Other World. The dead revisit the living, mostly at night; the grave-worms fret at their absence, and the cock-crow compels their return. But, for the most part, life is a space to make love in and to fight in; and the hero's duty is to fight bravely and

to die' courageously, bequeathing a legacy of vengeance to his children or kindred.

So with regard to the relations between the sexes: they are about the same as in Greece of the heroic age. A young man meets a damsel in the wood, as Milton's Zephyr met Aurora; or a damsel admits a youth to her chamber with the same primitive result. The damsel's parents or brothers may be angry, especially if they had intended her for another husband, but it is rather from disappointment, or because he is a hereditary enemy, than from a sense of outraged morality. In the ballad of "Clerk Saunders," Margaret's seven brothers find their sister sleeping in her lover's arms. Six find the offence natural and pardonable, but the seventh kills the sleeping man. The father has no reproaches for his daughter, but consoles her for her lover's loss. No stigma seems to attach to the offspring of these illicit unions.

Another extraordinary feature of these ballads is the incredible atrocity or hardness of heart of many of the personages. In "Burd Ellen" the cruelty of the hero (if I may call him such) to his mistress, is equalled only by her intolerable meekness. In the "Gay Goshawk," when the lady sinks in a death-like swoon, her brothers drop melted lead on her cheek and lips to see if she is alive. Cospatrick weds seven ladies successively and cuts off their breasts. In "Edom o' Gordon" the burning to death of Lady Forbes and her children is minutely described, and as if this was not enough, Gordon catches on the point of his spear a little girl that was let down from above. In "Jellon Graeme" we are introduced to that worthy sitting in Silverwood and sharpening his sword to kill his mistress who is pregnant by him. He stabs her while she is praying for life. It appears that in the pangs of death a babe was born, for the poet tells us:—

"He felt nae pity for Lily-Flour
When she was lying deid;
But he felt some for the bonnie bairn
That lay weltering in her bluid."

He rears the child and calls him his nephew. One day, when hunting at the place of the murder, Graeme tells the boy the truth, and the boy kills him on the spot.

Burning wives to death for unchastity is a not uncommon form of punishment, though there is no record of its ever having been inflicted for that offence in Scotland. "The Fire of Fren-draught," "Mary Hamilton," and others, have the same feature of atrocity; and though they are comparatively modern, they keep the characteristics of the older ballads.

It would seem that—as in the case of some of the Elizabethan dramatists—to awaken popular pity required a good dose of the crudest horror. The *dura messorum ilia* were not responsive to gentle solicitations. And the balladist had not the advantage of scenic illusion, so had to paint his pictures in vivid colors.

Perhaps the strangest element in these ballads is the supernatural. In old Teutonic folk-lore the supernatural was solid and tangible. Grendel and his mother are very substantial flesh and blood. In the Scottish literary work from Barbour to the seventeenth century, the supernatural scarcely finds a place. Wyntoun mentions the "weird sisters," but they are not witches, but the three Fates, seen by Macbeth in a dream. There may be allusions to spectres or ghosts, but they give no color to the poetry. These poets live and move upon firm land with substantial men and women; are good Christians and defy the devil and all his works. Blind Harry, it is true, has an exception in the apparition of the dead Fawdoun; but so strange does it seem to the poet that he pauses in his narrative to speculate how such an incredible thing could be.

I strongly suspect that this element came in through Keltic influences. Never, it would seem, was there a people—at least a European people—so other-worldly as the Kelts. Nowhere else was the partition between the worlds so thin, and so many doors of communication ajar. So in these ballads: the spirit walks in; the hero finds himself on the Other Side; the dead revisit the living, and the poet passes from one world to the other, apparently without consciousness of a breach of continuity or need of preparation, as in the old Welsh romances, where the personages were always slipping into the Other World and out again.

Take for example "The Wife of Usher's Well." A mother

sits mourning for her three drowned sons, when suddenly they "come home," crowned with garlands from the trees of Paradise. The mother knows that they are visitants from the dead, yet expresses neither fear nor surprise, but hurries to get supper for them and prepares their bed:—

"Blow up the fire, my maidens,
Bring water from the well,
For a' my house shall feast this night
Since my three sons are well.

"And she has made to them a bed,
She's made it large and wide,
And she's ta'en her mantle her about,
Sat down at the bed-side."

The *revenants* apparently pass the night in slumber, but at cock-crow one gives notice that it is time to be going, and they take an affectionate leave:—

"Fare ye weel, my mother dear;
Fareweel to barn and byre;
And fare ye weel, the bonny lass
That kindles my mother's fire."

The supernatural is only the uncommon. It is never worked up to, and nothing, however strange, is ever explained. It was so, and that is all. In one of the versions of "Thomas the Rymour" the hero and the lady visit the Other World:—

"It was mirk, mirk nicht, there was no stern-licht,
And they waded through red bluid to the knee."

This, if not very old, is in the genuine old spirit. But the modern reviser thinks he ought to explain how the blood got there, and he adds,—

"For a' the bluid that's shed on earth
Rins through the springs of that countrie,"—

and there we catch him.

In "Tam Lin" Janet goes out at night to meet her elfin lover—

"Betwixt the hours of twelve and ane
A north wind tore the bent."

Professor Veitch pitches upon these lines as exemplifying the truth to nature which he labors to prove characteristic of these

ballads. He cries out, "'A north wind tore the bent' ! Truer, finer, poetical line than this was never written. It expresses perfectly the feeling," etc. Yet nowhere is there a more palpably modern interpolation. "It expresses perfectly the feeling" of a modern poet who is working up to his great point, and getting his readers up to the proper eerie state. He is writing for readers like Professor Veitch to say "how poetical !" The genuine balladist says, "The north wind blew," which is all that hearers familiar with north winds need. Indeed, Professor Veitch picks out to support his thesis almost invariably those artistic touches which are palpably modern ; such things as would not have come into the mind of an older balladist with his eye on the concrete fact.

The fact is, these old ballads show little or no trace of the modern nature-feeling. The poets do not seem to have looked closely or with any interest at nature. Their color-sense is weak. Of course the birch is green and the broom-flower yellow ; the rock brown and the water wan ; but beyond these conventionalities which a blind man might use, they seem to have taken no notice. They addressed a public that took no notice : a public to whom sunrise meant the time to get up, and sunset the time to go home, and a storm the time to get into some shelter. In summer the leaves were green and the birds sang ; in winter the ground was covered with snow, and the wind was cold : so far they could carry their hearers with them. Amiens' song,—

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,"

would have found, so far, a responsive echo with such an audience, but when he added,—

"Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude,"

he would have left them stranded on the shore of incomprehension.

Side by side with the imperviousness to nature's beauties, is the estimate of beauty in man or woman. Many of these ballads deal with love, and we should naturally expect descriptions of fair women. We have them, but they are hardly more than

conventional phrases, such as a blind man might use. In fact, it has struck me more than once or twice that a good part of these ballads may have been composed by blind men, which would account for much. No peculiar or individual charms are described. The blonde is the favorite type. Princess or peasant lass, it is the same: her skin is as white as milk or lilies, or perhaps snow; her hair is long and yellow or golden; she has long, slender white fingers. If there is a contrast, the lady whom the poet does not favor has black hair and a dark complexion. The above-mentioned, with the addition of a slender waist—usually mentioned in connection with a girdle: “she clasps it on her middle sma,” or “jimp,”—and a blue or gray eye, with a preference for the gray, with (but not often) red lips, complete the balladist’s inventory of female charms. Ladies’ accomplishments are usually singing, and sometimes playing on the harp.

The balladist’s mode of handling his subject is peculiar. The literary narrative form usually has a regular beginning, explaining time, circumstances, and persons. The ballad, without preparation, strikes right into the action. The opening words are often spoken by one of the personages, as in the dramas. “Burd Ellen” begins with a speech of the heroine:—

“The corn is turning ripe, Lord John,
The nuts are growing fou’,
An ye are boun for your ain countrie,
Fain wad I gae wi’ you.”

“The Gay Goshawk” opens with the speech of a lover to his falcon:—

“O well is me, my gay goshawk,
That ye can speak an’ flee,
For you can carry a love-letter
To my true love from me.”

“Sir Patrick Spens” begins:—

“The King sits in Dunfermline toun
Drinking the blude-red wine:
O whaur can I get a skeely skipper
To sail this ship of mine?”

So the grim ballad which Percy names "Edward," begins really after the tragic action (though the original beginning may be wanting):—

"Why does your brand sae drip wi' bluid?"

Or the poem begins directly with the action:—

"Sir Roland cam to his ain luve's bower"—

"True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank"—

"Jellon Graeme sat in Silverwood;
He sharped his broadsword lang."

So there are often gaps in the narratives which require filling in. Motherwell has explained this from the practice of old reciters whom he had heard. They began with a short explanation in prose of the circumstances, and then chanted the poetry. Now and then they would stop to explain intermediate circumstances, and then take up the chant again. The song was the *textus receptus* for the dramatic or affecting part, and the filling-in was left to the reciter.

Again, the absence of images and similes is a remarkable characteristic of the genuine ballads. A few stereotyped phrases do all the work: hair is yellow as gold; wine is blood-red; lips (rarely mentioned) are like roses or cherries; skins white as milk or snow. A man's hair is sometimes black as jet; an old man's white as snow; angry eyes sometimes burn like coals. These similes are pretty nearly all. It may be questioned whether this absence is due to the poet's wish to tell his story swiftly and dramatically, or to lack of fancy or to insensitiveness to outside nature, or to—what I have suggested as a possibility—the fact that these ballads are, in large part, the compositions of blind men. There might be a good deal said on this point; but I pass it over.

Another peculiarity which is absent from the literary work, and which seems to me of Keltic origin, is a fantastic partiality for the number three. People "laugh loud laughter three," or ride three miles, or sail three leagues before something happens. The harper in the "Twa Sisters" plays three tunes; the Wife of Usher's Well has three sons; horns give three blasts; gifts are of three kinds; two failures usually precede a third and successful attempt; three operations or three kisses are

necessary to dissolve an enchantment. Three blows kill a man: the first staggers him, the second brings him to his knees, and the third finishes him. Hearts, when they break, usually burst into three pieces. I suspect the peculiar passion of the Keltic races for the number three, to have been the origin of a fashion which does not appear in the literary work of the Scots. But in some cases three may have been chosen as a medium between parsimony and prodigality. To kill a man with one blow is slight and perfunctory: repeated manglings would be tedious.

Seven also is a favorite number, as seven brothers or sisters, seven years of travel, absence, or penance. It gives concreteness to prolonged time, and definiteness to statement. "He lay several years in prison" is altogether unsatisfactory: "seven years" shows full knowledge of the facts. Seven, however, is but a poor second as compared with three.

Other formulas seem to be the stock in trade of the balladists. When a letter is read containing agitating news, the reader at the first line laughs "a loud laugh," or "loud laughs three;" at the second "the saut tear blinds his ee;" while at the third, if he gets so far, "a word he couldna see." The lover who seeks nocturnal admission to his lady's bower, usually pleads that "the rain falls on my yellow hair." It would be wearisome to catalogue these formulas. They emphasize what I have said of the lack of individuality in the authorship. One of two things: either the composer felt that he must tell his story in the way and with the phrases which his audience was used to and expected, or, in the levelling process which normalized them, these formulas were inserted.

Moreover, the recurrence of formulas relieved the reciter's memory. Given a broadsword combat or the reading of a letter, he knew just what to say. In the same way, when there is a chance for repetition, as of the words of a message, or the answering of a question, it is instantly seized. Sir Patrick Spens asks:—

"O whaur will I get a good sailor
To tak my helm in hand
Till I get up to the tall top mast
To see gif I can spy land"—

and one of the crew answers :—

“O here am I, a sailor gude,
To tak the helm in hand,
Till you gae up to the tall top mast,
But I fear you'll ne'er spy land.”

Certain typical personages or animals are also among the stock properties. An engaging one is the “little foot-page,” who carries messages for his master or mistress; sometimes love-messages or warnings, sometimes appeals for help. He is, I believe, always faithful: nothing stays him; he runs with speed, swims rivers, and climbs or leaps walls. He always gets there.

The porter at the gate is a reminiscence of the old chivalry romances, where he is a conspicuous figure. He is of a surly, arrogant character, and generally figures as “the proud porter” who opposes the entrance of the hero or his messenger. Sometimes he is bribed or circumvented; at other times beaten or otherwise mishandled. I do not remember a case where he is mentioned with favor, and he evidently was not a popular personage.

The wandering beggar is a more sympathetic figure among these stock figures. He is usually a sturdy fellow with staff and patched cloak, who gains admission everywhere, carries messages, and learns what is going on. Sometimes he is the hero in disguise, as he was in the old thirteenth century romance of *Kyng Horn*.

Horses and dogs of course are frequent. Of auxiliary birds the most common is the “gay goshawk.”

With regard to these types, as well as to the stock phrases and formulas, we must remember that popular audiences were highly conservative. Not only did they not object to hearing the same phrases in a score of ballads, but they expected them. This was the orthodox thing, and what they were used to. So we may well believe that a poet who composed a new ballad would take care to sprinkle some of the old formulas to give it the proper flavor. Doubtless, also, they served to help the reciter's memory, or give him time for improvisation. While he was chanting, quite mechanically,—

"What news, what news, my little foot-page,
What news do you bring to me?"—

he could be getting into shape the sequence,—

"O lady I bring you the sairest news
Was ever tauld in the north countrie."

A feature of some ballads, in which, however, they yield to the songs, is the refrain, a set of words repeated at some definite place in the stanza. It is a device perhaps as old as poetry itself, and was probably due to the pleasure the hearers felt in being able to join in the song; but was taken over as a literary device, and applied to poems not intended to be sung. In the popular song it was called the "burden," a term applied to the bass part of a part-song. It belongs more especially to the song, and I shall treat it but slightly.

These refrains we may classify as—

1. The integral refrain;
2. The irrelevant refrain;
3. The unmeaning refrain.

The integral refrain forms, grammatically and lyrically, part of the stanza to which it is appended, as in "The Banks of Fordie," the happenings recited all occurred

"On the bonnie banks of Fordie."

In various cavalier songs each stanza recites the good things that will happen, "When the King enjoys his own again."

The irrelevant refrain has no apparent connection with the story to which it is attached. Thus in "The Carl of Killyburnbraes":—

"There lived a carl in Killyburnbraes
(Hey, and the rue grows bonnie wi' thyme)
And he had a wife was the plague of his days
(And the thyme it is withered, the rue is in prime)."

So in "The Twa Sisters":—

"There was twa sisters in a bour
(Edinburgh, Edinburgh)
There was twa sisters in a bour
(Stirling for ay)
There was twa sisters in a bour,
There cam' a knicht to be their wooer;
(Bonnie Saint Johnstoun stands upon Tay)."

I have not found examples of this irrelevant refrain in very ancient Scottish poetry. These may have been integral refrains to other poems, and transferred.

The Welsh, who were audacious experimenters in verse-forms, may have invented this odd device. In a Welsh poem (whether ancient or not, I am not competent to judge) we have a dialogue between Gwalchmai (Gawayn) and Tristan, of which here are two stanzas:—

“Tristan of excellent qualities,
The rain wets a hundred oaks:
Come with me to see thy friend.

Gwalchmai of courteous replies,
The rain wets a hundred furrows:
Whither thou wilt I will go.”

The irrelevant refrain sometimes asserts itself as an independent chorus, repeated after each stanza, as in “Captain Car”:—

“It befell at Martinmas
When weather waxed colde,
Captain Car said to his men,
We must go take a holde.

Sike, sike, and too-too sike,
And sike and like to dee:
The sikkest nicht that e’er I abode—
Gude Lord hae mercy on me!”

The unmeaning refrain consists of words or syllables which, in their present form at least, convey no meaning whatever; such as, “with a hey lillelu”, “doun dirry doun”, etc. There are also refrains which have the delusive appearance of a meaning, as:—

“Jenifer gentle and rosemarie;
The doo flies over the mulberry tree.”

Both species are combined in the refrain to “Earl Brand”:—

“O did ye e’er hear o’ brave Earl Bran’?
(Ay lally, O lilly lally)
He courted the King’s daughter of fair Englan’
(A’ in the nicht sae early).”

The refrain, in general, arose from the pleasure which the audience had in joining in the song. If the audience did not know the song, the singer could give them a set of easily re-

membered syllables or words, which they could sing in the appropriate places. They might sing in unison, but very often they would sing in parts. Part-singing was a widely diffused accomplishment in rural England and Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The clowns at the "Turnament of Totenham" sing six-part songs. The shepherds in the *Complaynt of Scotland* sing songs and ballads in part-harmony of a very scientific sort.

The integral refrain was, no doubt, first sung by the singer, and then caught up by the audience. But if the song went to a familiar tune, the singer might let them sing a chorus that they were used to, and in this way would arise the irrelevant refrain. Thus the refrain "The broom blooms bonnie" seems to have originally belonged to a ballad about the parting of two lovers; but it has been tacked to an entirely different text in "Leesome Brand":—

"There is a feast in your father's house,
(The broom blooms bonnie and says it is fair)
It becomes you and me to be very douce,
(And we'll never gang up to the broom nae mair)."

Of the meaningless refrain there are three suggested explanations. One is that it is merely a group of syllables that lend themselves easily to singing and require no memorizing, like *fa, la, la*, or the *lon, lon, laridon*, or *miroton, miroton, mirotaine* of French songs. But some do not seem to be of this kind; and it may be that they were once integral refrains, and that when dissociated from the original text they lost their meaning and broke down, in the course of time, into meaningless sounds. Or they may have been Gaelic or Welsh refrains borrowed with the tune, and corrupted beyond recognition.

The metre of the old ballads is what we should expect: stanzas of very simple form, usually quatrains of alternate eight and six syllables, or of eight and eight. The rhymes usually occur at the end of the second and fourth lines. We have also the couplet form, but this is often grouped into stanzas by the refrain. The metre is often very loose, sometimes as loose as that of the old alliterative line. If there were four stresses on the

down-beats of the rhythm, the other syllables might take care of themselves. For instance:—

"It's I, Jamie Telfer o' the fair Dodhead;
A harried man I think I be:
The Captain o' Bewcastle has driven my gear;
For God's sake rise and succour me!"

The Scottish ballad is a vanished type. The environment in which it arose, the poets who composed it, the audiences who listened to it are gone never to return. Horizons have widened: clan feuds and border forays are things of the past. Eskdale no longer harries Cumberland, but competes with it in Carlisle market. Passions still exist, but they find less primitive expression. Quarrels are not fought out on the heath, but in the law-courts: the wronged husband does not whet his sword, like Jellon Graeme, but applies for a divorce. Nor would it have the same auditory to appeal to. The diffusion of education and ubiquity of books and journals have widened men's outlook and offer a better relaxation from the monotony of the day's work. And the ballad composer no longer exists. The poet now reads and cultivates his mind. The old balladist had intense imagination to realize a situation, but he had no fancy. He saw things as he believed they happened: similes and allusions did not crowd upon him.

When Romanticism was at flood tide, many poets tried to revive the ballad, of whom none brought more genius to the task than Rossetti. His "Sister Helen" and "King's Tragedy" are powerful and noble poems on subjects eminently suited for ballad treatment. But the literary touch is everywhere. Could any old balladist have written

"... Love's storm-cloud is the shadow of Hate
When the tempest waves of a troubled State
Are breaking against a throne";

or

"In all that his soul sees there am I"—?

No; the ballad is a vanished type. It can no more be revived than can the conditions that produced it; but scholars may study these relics of the past as palæontologists study the fossil remains of creatures once full of life and tempestuous energy.

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ENGLAND'S ATONEMENT FOR OLD WRONGS

Neither by gifts or loans of money can England solve the Irish question; nor can she solve it by granting Home Rule nor by any constitutional amendment whatever. To remove the age-long differences which still hold the Irish and English people apart, there is needed something which even to-day has not come into being—the spirit of mutual understanding, sympathy, and good-will. A student of Anglo-Irish history will be well aware that there is now a far better and kindlier feeling between the two peoples than has existed for a very long time; but anyone who knows them both cannot but observe that the mental relations between them are still inharmonious and discordant. Ireland is still resentful; England scornful. Ireland still retains the hereditary sentiment of hostility to the English, and sometimes seems to enjoy brooding over the bitter wrongs which she suffered in the past; England looks on the Irish as an “impossible people” and regards her present concessions to them as acts of beatified unselfishness.

Among the wisest people in Ireland are many who, while not denying that their country has been treated with injustice or wishing Irishmen to blot the fact from their memories, yet are strenuously endeavoring to persuade the people to give up their old habit of hating and denouncing England. They perceive that this habit, whatever worse it may do, certainly involves waste of energy and effort which would be better spent to a positive and constructive purpose. A patriot, they point out, should rather try to help his own country than to harm another. For example, at an enthusiastic meeting the other day, some excited soul shouted, “To hell with England!” A prominent member of the Gaelic League at once leaped to his feet and—“No!” he cried; “to heaven with Ireland!” But in England, though the old belief that the Irish were an inferior race has been tempered, it is not extinct. An Irishman who enjoys the intimacy of English people and discovers their opinions on the matter, will be forced to note a prevalent sentiment that the Irish are an unreasonable and obstreperous community

whom the English have treated with extraordinary patience and generosity. The British regard Ireland, indeed, somewhat as a dog would a bundle of fireworks tied to his tail, and consider it a brilliant but undesirable appendage. It may be that an Englishman does not mean by this attitude in any way to alienate or to give pain to Irish susceptibilities; but such a result is unavoidable. An assumption of superiority is never ingratiating; and in this case its effect is the more marked because an Irishman, knowing the history of his country—a history which for three centuries at least has been a narrative of spoliation and massacre by the English, and desperate reprisals by the natives—is moved with natural and proper indignation when he sees those who outraged his country now blandly booking down upon her as a dependant and a beggar.

The time has come when a new spirit of sympathy and goodwill should take the place of ancient distrust, and a permanent foundation be thereby laid in the souls of men for a complete settlement of the Irish question. To this end nothing is more needed than a thoughtful and balanced presentation of the facts of history. At the present time the record of the relations between the two countries is known to Irishmen from the Irish point of view; and when thus told, it presents truly such a spectacle of blood and tears, of savage passion and inhuman cruelty, as makes the heart sicken and the blood boil. The Englishman, on the other hand, is, as a rule, complacently ignorant of the whole story. For the mutual interests of the two people a popular statement of the events of this history, set forth in just perspective, is therefore desirable. Mr. J. P. Gannon's is perhaps the most thoughtful epitome of the subject; but it is not very light reading. Mr. Joyce's well-known *Child's History* gives the facts briefly but does not trace their causes. Mr. Lecky prefixed to his *Ireland in the Eighteenth Century* a summary of its previous history. There are two other works on the subject, but none which is at the same time concise and philosophic. But if a satisfactory book on Anglo-Irish relations is not yet obtainable, it is easy to acquaint oneself with the facts of the case and to form a judgment which shall be substantially accurate.

One important secret of Ireland's history is to be found in her geographical position. She lies apart from Europe, a distant outpost in the western sea. Movements that convulsed the civilized world did not extend to her. Barbarian hordes and Mohammedan armies might sweep across the Continent, modifying faiths and overwhelming empires; kingdoms might come and go; dynasties might rise and reign and sink again into oblivion; one system of government and of philosophy might supplant another; and of all this scarce an echo reach the Irish shore. The Roman never set foot in Ireland; the Norman never conquered it; no Renaissance, no Reformation nor Counter-Reformation is found in Irish history; invaders came, but they brought with them nothing but their swords; and, from the eighth century to the sixteenth, Ireland, in her solitude across the estranging channel, lived her own lonely life unstirred by those currents which so profoundly moved the nations of the rest of Europe.

The strange and unique record of her relations with England may, speaking roughly, be divided into two periods. The one is that of subjugation; the other, of self-assertion. The one of conquest; the other, of re-conquest. In one half we find the inhabitants of the country driven off or killed in order to make room for settlers from Great Britain, till the native population is humbled to the dust and every desirable portion of the island is in the hands of the foreigner. In the other half, which begins with the eighteenth century, the tide turns. Slowly, through agitations rather than through armed revolt, the masses rise against their masters, win demand after demand, and at last in our own day beat out of the field their former conquerors and even secure from England a recognition of their national rights.

The first period is one of invasions and settlements. Early in the ninth century corsairs from Denmark and the North attacked the island. The famous Brian Boru prevented them from overrunning the country, but they succeeded in establishing themselves permanently in the coast towns. Later, the Pope gave to Henry II by a Papal Bull the right to take possession of Ireland. Some Normans from Wales and England sailed across the channel and, having easily defeated the disunited

and untrained natives, took for their own the rich plains of the east, centre, and south and settled down in the island. They introduced into the parts over which they held sway somewhat of the feudal system, but their allegiance to the King soon became nominal and they ruled in their domains as independent princes. In the rest of the country the Celts still continued their primitive way of life and maintained the old tribal system which divided them into a hundred warring units. Two peoples alien in race, history, and civilization had now halved Ireland between them and the possibility of her becoming the home of a united nation was indefinitely postponed. In the rest of Europe the feudal system was now passing away. England, Spain, and France found their nationality and developed each a strong centralized government. But Ireland, failing to do so, fell behind in her development and for long years remained at odds with the civilized world.

For some centuries Ireland lived to herself, forming no new connections and in her own condition making little change or progress. It was the tumults which attended the Reformation that drew her for the first time into the full current of world politics. Her entrance was significant, and boded ill for the happiness of her relations with the neighbor island. In the religious cleavage of the time she was obliged, like England, to choose with which party she would ally herself. It was inevitable that the Irish, an intuitive and spiritual people, devoutly attached to their religion and unstirred by the intellectual development of the time, should choose the Old Church. England, on the other hand, chose the New; and ever since, there has lain in the religious differences of the two countries a ground of misunderstanding and antagonism. But Ireland's loyalty to the Roman Catholic Church in this crisis meant far more than a profession of her creed. In those days the ecclesiastical and the political were inter-dependent and Ireland's action marked her as the natural ally of a military power at feud with Protestant England. The first appearance of Ireland upon the stage of foreign politics was an invitation to the champions of the Papacy to help her against their common foe, the English people.

Henry VIII was not the king to leave open at his gates this easy avenue for papal attack. He sent over an army which won all the victories it pleased. He thought he had conquered the country and, having secured the submission of the Irish chieftains, made what was, on the basis of the facts as he knew them, a wise settlement. But he did not realize, and the Irish leaders did not tell him, that in their promises on behalf of their people they had exceeded their powers. They were not feudal lords, as Henry imagined, but merely tribal chiefs. They could not make war or peace at their own pleasure, nor swear away the tribe lands; and the members of the tribes did not approve of the surrender to Henry nor intend to be bound by it. The settlement, therefore, was foredoomed to failure. But if the war had not effected the purpose of the English, it had at least revealed to them a new and unexpected opportunity for personal profit. They found they need not cross the Atlantic to seek their fortunes in a dangerous wilderness, but could win near by in Ireland estates which seemed to them more rich and fair than those of the New World. Nothing but an occasion was wanting for them to go in and take the land from those who owned it.

Ireland's position was ominous. She was weak; she was the friend of England's enemies; and she had that in her possession which the English coveted. The temptation offered to England was great; would she be able to resist it and deal justly by her neighbor?

As early as 1547 the first Plantation was made, when some districts in what are now King's and Queen's counties were taken from the natives and given to an Englishman. Thus was inaugurated a system which was to play a large part in the subsequent history of Ireland. A Plantation, as it was called, involved the conquest of a district, the expulsion of the old inhabitants, and the selling of the soil to British "undertakers," rich individuals or corporations, who were to let their property to English or Scotch occupiers.

It was not till the reign of Elizabeth that a settlement of this kind was made on a large scale. In this crisis England stood face to face with the Papal world in arms; she was wrestling for

her existence, and the odds were all against her. The Irish had revolted and were intriguing with Spain; and England, being in no mood to be scrupulous in her methods or merciful to her foes, let loose upon them the full force of her fear and rage.

In all the sad history of Ireland there is nothing quite so terrible as these Elizabethan wars. The ferocity with which the English suppressed the native race "surpassed that of Alva in the Netherlands," writes Lecky, "and has seldom been exceeded in the page of history." In describing the character of these wars I shall quote from Lecky's *History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, because the recital is likely to be so strange and unwelcome to English ears that they would hardly deem it credible save on the authority of one whose honesty and judgment they have learned to trust.

"The war," writes Lecky, "as conducted by Carew, by Gilbert, by Pelham, by Montjoy, was literally a war of extermination. The slaughter of Irishmen was looked upon as literally a slaughter of the wild beasts. Not only the men, but even the women and children who fell into the hands of the English, were deliberately and systematically butchered. Bands of soldiers traversed great tracts of country, slaying every living thing they met. The sword was not found sufficiently expeditious but another method proved much more efficacious. Year after year, over a great part of Ireland, all means of human subsistence were destroyed, no quarter was given to prisoners who surrendered, and the whole population was skilfully and steadily starved to death. The pictures of the condition of Ireland at this time are as terrible as anything in human history. Thus Spenser, describing what he had seen in Munster, tells how 'out of every corner of the woods and glens, they came creeping forth upon their hands, for their limbs could not bear them. They looked like anatomies of death; they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves; they did eat the dead carrion, happy when they could find them; yea, and one another soon after, in as much as the very carcasses they spared not to scrape out of their graves.'" (pp. 5-6.)

And again Lecky writes of the same war, (pp. 7-8): "Archbishop Usher afterwards described how women were accustomed

to lie in wait for a passing rider, and to rush out like famished wolves to kill and devour his horse. The slaughter of women as well as of men, of unresisting peasants as well as of armed rebels, was openly avowed by the English commanders. The Irish annalists told, with horrible details, how the bands of Pelham and Ormond 'killed blind and feeble men, women, boys and girls, sick persons, idiots and old people;' how in Desmond's country, even after all resistance had ceased, soldiers forced men and women into old barns which were set on fire, and if any attempted to escape they were shot or stabbed; how soldiers were seen 'to take up infants on the point of their spears, and to whirl them about in their agony;' how women were found 'hanging on trees with their children at their breasts, strangled with their mother's hair.' . . . It needs indeed the widest stretch of historic charity to judge this history with equity or moderation."

As soon as these wars were ended, the scheme of Plantation was carried out. Large tracts in the southern province of Munster were confiscated and offered to Englishmen at the price of from two to three pence an acre. Among the "undertakers" (as they were called) who took land and settled down on their estates, were Sir Walter Raleigh, whose house in Youghal is still to be seen, and Edmund Spenser. It had been at first intended to exclude the native Irish altogether from the escheated parts, but in practice this could not be done, and many of the old inhabitants remained as tenants and underlings of their conquerors.

In the time of James I, a local rebellion in the north was made the occasion for the settlement of Ulster. There was little reason for this confiscation. Its motive was not political expediency nor yet racial antipathy, but simply that spirit of commercial greed which marked the English court and the English "Interests" of that time.

The highest opinions were held of the value of Irish land. "I had rather labour with my hands," said the Lord Deputy, "in the Plantation of Ulster than dance or play in that of Virginia." The Lord Chancellor stated that the scheme of American colonization was as different from this Irish enterprise "as

Amadis de Gaul from Cæsar's Commentaries." Bacon was much interested in this plan of settlement, and was anxious that the mistakes made in America should not be repeated here. He warned the Government against sending over broken down gentlemen as "planters." He wished that more should be done to encourage the growth of towns and fortified posts, and that under-tenancies should be discouraged for fear the natives should be permitted to continue in their holdings and thus remain as a lasting menace to their landlords. His advice was good, and had it been taken, the Ulster Rebellion of thirty years later might have been avoided. Six counties were escheated, giving in all upwards of half a million acres of profitable land for distribution. One-tenth of this was assigned as property to the natives, the rest of whom lived chiefly as dependants on the settlers, without legal interest in the land on which they lived. More than one-fifth was given to the Established Church, and more than two-fifths to Scotch and English undertakers. The English who came over were not quite of the right kind, being plain country gentlemen who had not much money and lacked the spirit of enterprise. The Scotch were fully as poor, but they brought with them more followers and succeeded in persuading the natives to work for them by promising to let them live on in their old homes as tenants. Mr. Bagwell quotes a contemporary statement to the effect that the Irish were ready to do anything to avoid "removing from the place of their birth and education, hoping at one time or other to find an opportunity to cut their landlords' throats."

It was not long before the dispossessed natives entered into a general conspiracy to regain the land and to expel the undertakers. On an appointed day, October 23rd, 1641, the Ulster Irish rose. Two months later a great number of the Catholic gentry of the rest of the island, being persuaded that it was England's intention to extirpate Catholicism, joined the rebels. Several thousand Protestants were massacred in various parts of the country, with circumstances of horrible ferocity; and the retaliation by the English was as savage in its character as the original crimes, and fell alike upon the guilty and the innocent. The rebellion was protracted for years, till Cromwell's cam-

paign in 1649 and 1650 broke the native resistance. Lecky writes as follows of the condition of Ireland in 1652 when the war was over:

"According to the calculation of Sir W. Petty, out of a population of 1,466,000, 616,000 had in 11 years perished by the sword, by plague, or by famine artificially produced. . . . A third part of the population had been thus blotted out, and Petty tells us that according to some calculations the number of the victims was much greater. Human food had been so successfully destroyed that Ireland, which had been one of the great pasture countries of Europe, was obliged to import cattle from Wales for consumption in Dublin. . . . Famine and the sword had so done their work that in some districts the traveller rode twenty or thirty miles without seeing one trace of human life, and fierce wolves—rendered doubly savage by feeding on human flesh—multiplied with startling rapidity through the deserted land, and might be seen prowling in numbers within a few miles of Dublin. . . . Slave dealers were let loose upon the land, and many hundreds of boys and of marriageable girls, guilty of no offence whatever, were torn away from their country, shipped to Barbadoes, and sold as slaves to the planters."

As far back as March, 1642, the English Government had by a formal act decided what they would do with the Irish lands which they intended to confiscate. In fifteen counties property was to be assigned to certain speculators called Adventurers who had advanced money to the Government. But the Plantation that was actually carried out after the war was much more thorough than this. As Clarendon said at the time, "Ireland was the great capital out of which all debts were paid, all services rewarded, and all acts of bounty performed." The Act of Satisfaction of 1653 provided that all landed proprietors, all who had taken part in the rebellion, and all who had given any support or countenance to the rebels during the first year of the war should be transplanted to those bleak and desolate regions of the west which nature has doomed to a perpetual poverty. Three counties were reserved by the Government, and the rest of the island was divided between the British

soldiers, whose pay was greatly in arrears, and the Adventurers. By this enactment practically the whole of the Irish race was excluded from thirty-one of the thirty-four counties of its native land, and relegated to the wilds of Mayo, Galway, and Clare. In the English vernacular of the time, "Hell or Connaught" was the alternative offered them. It proved impossible to carry out this transaction thoroughly, but a long file of immigrants, largely citizens and merchants, Anglo-Norman landowners and gentry, bringing with them their wives and families, crossed the Shannon during the early months of 1654. There were permitted to remain behind only peasants whose aid in tilling the earth was found necessary by the new settlers.

Once again the Irish espoused the losing cause in a crisis, and rallied round the banner of James II. They were defeated, and again Irish lands—this time a million acres—were confiscated in the interests of the victors.

In a hundred years Ireland had seen three confiscations; much land had been confiscated twice, some three times. "When the eighteenth century dawned, the great majority of the former leaders were either sunk in abject poverty or scattered as exiles over Europe; the last spasm of resistance had ceased, and the long period of Protestant ascendancy had begun."

It is at this point, about the year 1700, that the relations between England and Ireland enter on a new phase. There are no more fierce wars of decimation, no more invasions of alien planters, no more wholesale expulsions of Irish families from their homes. Ireland begins to enjoy what might, by comparison, be called peace, and to move up the difficult path of self-development and progress. During this epoch there comes, too, a great change of mind and conscience over England. The humiliations of the American war and the loss of her colonies had a beneficent effect in chastening her spirit and ridding her of a narrow selfishness. Towards the end of the eighteenth century she begins to evince a sympathy with the weak and oppressed, and her relations with her dependants assume a new character.

The inhabitants of the country were at this time divided into three distinct classes. The most numerous of these consisted of

the Catholics, who were the sole occupiers of Connaught and were distributed through the rest of the island as the dependants of the colonists. The second class was composed of the Presbyterians, who lived in Ulster and were under disabilities similar to those of the Catholics. The third class, the Party of the Ascendancy, held Ireland in trust for England, and though only a fraction of the total population, were the rulers of the masses and the masters of the soil. Their position was not without danger; and for their better security against the people, and also as a protection against that Papal aggression of which England ever lived in fear, a strict penal code was passed against all who were not members of the Established Church. Under it, the great majority of the Irish people were disfranchised, forbidden many of the most ordinary rights of citizenship, and practically denied the privilege of education. Severe, however, as this code seems to us, it is humane when judged by the standards of those days; and, largely owing to the generosity of the colonists, it was at no time strictly enforced.

The chief event in Ireland's external history during this century was the contest between the Party of the Ascendancy and the mother country, and the extraordinary success of the Anglo-Irish in winning their demands. At the beginning of this period they suffered the common disabilities of every colony in those times. They were not allowed to carry on any commerce which might in any way conflict with the trade of the mother country. The export of cattle and pigs had been a flourishing business, but through the influence of English merchants it was by law rigidly restricted. In its place a business in sheep and wool was created; but when this began to thrive, it, too, suffered the same virtual prohibition. A like treatment was meted out to the export of all commodities by which English profits were threatened. In addition to all this, the Government of Ireland was under English control, and the general position of the colony was one of subordination and inferiority. The colonists were not likely to continue willingly in any such relations to their mother country. They struggled vigorously to better their condition, and after forcing the withdrawal of commercial restrictions they achieved their greatest

success in 1782 when, under the leadership of Henry Grattan, they won for themselves the legislative and judicial independence of Ireland.

But while the Anglo-Irish colony was thus battling with its mother country, it was itself being attacked in the rear. The masses began to rise and to struggle for a redress of their grievances. About the middle of the century the discontent takes shape in widespread conspiracies and the formation of popular societies. The first of these was the Whiteboys, which became so strong that for some years it practically superseded the law of the land in many parts of Ireland. The leaders fixed the amount of the tithes and of the rents to be paid for the peasants' holdings; they broke up grazing lands with the plow, levelled enclosures, and forced jails. They compelled obedience to their decrees by intimidation and the last extremes of violence. This organization was followed by that of the Oakboys (1763) and the Steelboys (1771) of Ulster, and several others. In 1791 was founded a society of a very different order, the United Irishmen. This was inspired by Wolfe Tone, and its ideals have had a strong effect on the minds of Irishmen which lasts to this day. Tone's object was the winning of the natural rights of a democracy, and in order to achieve this end he sought to persuade his countrymen to rise above sectional differences and unite as one people to enforce their common claims against the party of privilege. About this time the Presbyterians of the North were aroused by the example of the popular revolution in France, and their excitement quickly spread among the Catholics. The discontent took fire, and there broke out the rebellion of 1798. This ill-concerted and abortive rising gave the English government an excuse for depriving Ireland of her separate Parliament, and in 1801 was passed the Act of Union. The progress of the masses was not stopped. Already they had obtained the remission of the Penal Code, and the remission of their other religious disabilities followed. In 1829 under the leadership of Daniel O'Connell was secured Catholic Emancipation. In 1869 the Church of Ireland was disestablished and the Church of the people put on a level with that of the gentry. Then began a yet more fierce

and desperate encounter—the struggle of the land. Backed by the sympathy and the gold of their kinsmen in America, the people set to work to win back from the Anglo-Irish colony the soil of which they had been deprived by force centuries before. The Fenian organization was succeeded by that of the Land League. The power of this league owing to its thoroughness and its unity was tremendous. Through it there was formed a combination against rents which was enforced by a system of persecution and outrage. The landlords and their party could make no headway against the storm. In the hour of danger and need they turned for help to their kinsmen and allies in England. But circumstances had changed. Instead of coming to their assistance, the English trained the heavy guns of government upon them and joined forces with the people. For years the unequal contest was prolonged, but when at last it closed, the masses had won that for which they fought and the peasant was in possession of the soil. To-day the Party of the Ascendancy, as such, does not exist, and is represented only by those old families who lived on in their inherited homes, shorn of their ancient wealth and power though still distinguished by the lingering light of a glory that is set.

Such is, in outline, the story of Anglo-Irish relations. A summary cannot have that realism and vividness which only detail can give; but even this slight epitome will show that the wrongs of Ireland are not imaginary nor her discontent unnatural. There is little in the narrative which the English can read without sorrow or regret; little indeed to justify them in an attitude of self-righteous condescension.

Once this attitude is known to be without warrant of history, it would seem that there is only one thing for an honest and manly nation to do; to abandon it. When this has been accomplished, and Englishmen have acquired a spirit of sympathy and good-will toward Ireland, they will have done their part to establish that sense of fellowship between the two peoples on which, and on which alone, a permanent adjustment of Anglo-Irish difficulties can ever be based.

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THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

The centenary of Théophile Gautier has come and gone. Last of the great Romanticists in France, the apostle of art for art's sake has received his secular garland. How many such tributes have we paid, since 1897, to the genius of French Romanticism! One after another came the anniversaries: Vigny, Balzac, Hugo, Sainte-Beuve, and George Sand. Only last year Alfred de Musset had his turn, and now it is the spirit of Gautier that we invoke, not without a retrospective envy of those prolific days.

We ought to be grateful to Théophile Gautier; every scribbler should honor him as a patron saint. He helped to create our modern dramatic and art criticism. He showed us a new way to write books of travel. And in the intervals of his labors, when the Sisyphean stone of journalism rested for a moment at the foot of the hill, he wrote exquisite poems and short stories. He was an artist, and he remained an artist, even in his newspaper work: he lived to write, as truly as he wrote to live.

Yet what a life for an artist! Gathered and published, Gautier's complete works would fill nearly three hundred volumes. He was indeed, like Dumas *père*, a galley-slave of the pen. It is true that all this labor gave him technique — that superlative technique for which he will always stand in the history of literature. Through all the exuberance or the banality of his early work we may trace that technique in the making, for we must remember that the flower of his poetry appeared when the poet was forty-seven. *Fit faber fabricando; Emaux et Camées* is surely worth all the labor that it cost. It is pure art, and one cannot but marvel at the energy shown in that long apprenticeship.

But Gautier was physically strong. A sickly boy, he made himself an athlete by incessant training. He was a Greek in his worship of the body and bodily force. The proudest act of his life, he confessed, was a feat of physical strength, a blow registered on a striking-machine at a fair. And Gautier bragged of it like a very boy. "I'm a strong man," he used to

say, when, in friendly argument, he wished to overwhelm his opponent; "I can punch five hundred and thirty pounds on a Turk's head, and write verses that have sequence. That is everything." And truly, without this exuberant physical vitality genius itself is of little avail.

Physical strength is fundamental. It may imply an ability to meet and overcome the difficult, as with Honoré de Balzac. It may imply a philosophic and unquerulous acceptance of one's destiny, as it did with Théophile Gautier. "I am the rightful heir of Gautier-sans-avoir" (Walter Penniless), he used to say. "Like him I have no fief or well-filled wallet, like him I am leading the Crusade toward the Holy Land of Literature, and like him I shall die on the way." He was a fatalist; slow of motion and phlegmatic, his temperament fully supports his claim to Oriental blood. Indeed, he was even compared to his beloved Persian cats, proud and indifferent, living for themselves alone.

Such a temperament was Gautier's good fortune. For if he was by nature indifferent, his contemporaries repaid his indifference in kind. His reputation is largely a posthumous one. It is hard for people to believe that genius is writing for a newspaper; and it is wellnigh impossible when the genius in question has been guilty of eccentricities. Gautier never lived down the red waistcoat of *Hernani*. Thirty-seven years after that night at the Théâtre français, Georg Brandes found in Paris people who believed that the poet still wore his *gilet rouge*. Thus the sin of his youth pursued him to the grave — and beyond, for was it not the principal feature of his centenary? Poor Gautier! The innovations of the Romantic School were forgotten long before Brandes came to Paris. Hugo had become a classic, *Hernani* a commonplace of literary history. But Mrs. Grundy never forgave the red waistcoat; that oriflamme of Romanticism barred him forever from the Academy. To the immortals it symbolized Gautier at his very worst: it meant for them the author of *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

And on the whole we should not blame them. The Academy is part of the official hierarchy of Paris. It has a duty toward literature, but it has also a duty toward society. It reflects the

spirit of its time: witness the prudery of the second empire and the prosecution of Flaubert. But the times change, and we are changed with them; neither *Madame Bovary* nor *Mademoiselle de Maupin* seem so horrific to Parisian taste of to-day. In 1836, however, such a novel was more of an innovation; and besides this, the critics of the thirties had not only a novel but a preface to condone.

And what a preface! A boy of twenty-five, a young *rapin* recently converted to literature and Romantic individualism, Gautier put into these pages all the zeal of his conversion. He elaborated the doctrine of Art for Arts's sake; and scorning all the rules of literary joustings, he threw both his gauntlets into the faces of his critics. "No, imbeciles," he cries, "no, idiots and bagnecks that you are, a book will not make gelatine soup, a novel is not a pair of seamless boots"—and the tirade continues for a full page. "No, a novel has two uses, one material, the money that goes into the author's pocket, to ballast him against the devil and the wind that else might carry him away; the second spiritual, for when we are reading fiction, we are dozing and not reading useful newspapers. . . . Now, let anyone assert that novels do not contribute to civilization." This is a fair specimen of Gautier's invective, here directed against the utilitarianism of the age. Students of French history will recall the political theorizing of the thirties; a malady of Romantic speculation had invaded even practical life. Young men, disciples of Fourier and Saint-Simon, were everywhere in France dreaming of a socialistic millenium. Not so Théophile Gautier. This fiery young convert from the studios was dreaming of Art, Art with a capital A, free and independent of all ulterior things. And it was certainly to voice his revolt against conventional views of art and morality that he wrote *Mademoiselle de Maupin*.

It is a curious book, this frankly immoral story. Swinburne called it "the golden book of spirit and sense—the holy writ of beauty." Other critics are rather less lyrical. Whatever it is, *Mademoiselle de Maupin* is distinctly not *virginibus puerisque*, and only modern pagans should read it at all. Gautier was one, surely; if ever a man escaped from the actual world through

art, it was he. And the novel does but give us his point of view. "I am a man of Homeric times," says his hero, Albert, "and the world in which I live is not my world. I do not understand the society which surrounds one. Christ did not come for me; I am as much a pagan as Alcibiades or Phidias. I believe that earth is as fair as heaven, and I think that perfection of form is itself a virtue. Three things please me: gold, marble and purple; splendor, solidity, color. These are the substance of my dreams."

Albert, and still more Fortunio and Tiburce, give us Gautier's conception of his own character. He is an artist, but an artist totally devoid of feeling save in the realm of art. Sentiment, in Gautier, is absorbed in the vibration of the senses and the notation of sense-perceptions: his powers of feeling are purely æsthetic. With most of us, emotion is vitalized into action; for the heart seeks a living *raison d'être* beyond itself in our fellow-men. But these human and religious elements of character were denied to Gautier. Never was a modern artist less emotional, in spite of his moments of affected sentimentality; never was a Romanticist less like their common ancestor Rousseau. Indeed, he is far less a Romanticist than a Parnassian, especially in his later poems. He is a Parnassian in his objectivity. Ask poetry for emotion? Never! "Words that shine, words of light with rhythm and music," he said to Taine, "that is poetry. Poetry proves nothing, tells no story. The incomparable beginning of Hugo's *Ratbert*, for example, that is the Himalaya of the poet's art. There you will find all Italy with its blazonries, and it is built of nothing but words."

Rien que des mots! Well, not a little of Gautier's verse is nothing but words. But much of it is far more, despite the theories of its creator. Not his early love-lyrics, for there we see best his essential lack of spirituality; not the *Albertus*, his tribute to *Faust* and the German ballad, for that bit of mediævalism lives only in the vividness of its pictorial quality. Not even his *Comédie de la mort*, for that merely shows us to what depths of horror the cult of sense-impressions for their own sake may lead. All Baudelaire is foreshadowed in this poem, which pursues the grotesque down the slopes that lead

from Romance to the realm of decadence. No, after all, true art is selective, and Gautier only attained his finest poetry by forsaking the impression which is merely curious. A real poet, he soon recovered from this malady of the grotesque; he saw that the beautiful was to be his field. For himself, painter and poet, he knew "that the visible world existed," and aware now of the value of choice and compression, he transmuted that painter's vision into the vivid octosyllabics of his *Emaux et Camées*. How much the cameo can teach its graver! This little volume too is nothing but words, but with these words Gautier can paint a picture, carve a statue, evoke the very image of a visible art.

With his fiction, unfortunately, the poet was less successful. The writing of verse is in itself an apprenticeship, but the fiction of the Romantic School had — alas! no such curb or guiding rein. Here too, as in his verse, he dabbled awhile with motives of *macabre* interest, inspired by *The Monk*, *Mephistophiles* and *Hoffmann*. All the Romanticists read *Hoffmann*, and Gautier, the youngest of the band, read him in all the imaginative glamor of nineteen. Hence his long infatuation with the Hoffmannesque story; hence too those little masterpieces, *Arria Marcella* and *La Morte Amoureuse*. But the beauty of these tales is after all a *macabre* beauty, and we pay for them by such puerilities as *Avator* and *Spirite*. Indeed, the best of Gautier's fiction falls far below *Emaux et Camées*. Even the famous *Capitaine Fracasse*, which shows the author in his later objectivity, is less a novel than a series of brilliant descriptions, and after his characters are sketched in, the interest of the novel perceptibly weakens. He is better in the short stories; the development of a real character was to him impossible. Himself indeed he could paint, as he did in the heroes of his early fiction, and he can outline upon his tapestries of description the most vividly characterized of silhouettes. But these clever outlines are not human beings, and, unlike *Omphale*, they never come to life for us or move us to the miracle of love.

So too with Gautier's essays in literary criticism. Here again we find silhouettes or autobiography; or, if he can combine the two methods in some sympathetic subject, so much the

better. Such a group he found ready for his pen in *Les Grotesques*, usually considered his masterpiece in this *genre*. Such a figure he also found in the eccentric person of his contemporary Baudelaire. But on the whole, Gautier's criticism might be likened to a series of etchings in dry-point. The carefully studied portrait, like the novel, requires a broad human nature and a gift of sympathy far beyond this master of literary technique.

A fundamental deficiency, surely. But is it not the price Gautier paid for his exclusive devotion to the world of visible beauty? Is it not the obverse of his marvellous talent in expression? He stood for 'impassibility,' for 'art for art's sake,' ignoring the fact that the things of this world have no meaning apart from our poor humanity. The visible world exists, but it exists only in the eye of man. And the eye of man is no mere camera obscura. Deep within the mind, we carry each one of us our vision of things, but the elements of that vision are profoundly modified by individual passion and artistic choice. Gautier, as a theorist, believed in the impassibility of the artist. But carry the theory to its logical conclusion, imagine a mind, if such were possible, as coldly unselective as a camera, and the impassibility of the artist would be the impossibility of art.

Happily, Gautier escaped this fate, as every artist must escape it, by his passion for beauty. It is true that he came to consider humanity on a lower plane than art. He shows it in all his work, even his travel books; *Tra los Montes* has been described as 'Spain without the Spaniards.' To him, a poet and a Romanticist, a dreamer eager to behold the Spain of chivalry, the poverty of modern Spanish life did not appeal. There were still, to be sure, the gorgeous costumes of the bull-fighters, but how little that was in comparison with all the splendors of the past! At every step the poet lost an illusion; at every step he noted the disappearance of local costume and the advent of Paris styles. "It will soon be impossible," he exclaims, "to tell a Russian from a Spaniard; all the world will be alike. Then an immense ennui will seize upon the universe; suicide will decimate the population of the globe. For curiosity is the prime motive of life, and curiosity will be gone."

A dreadful prophecy, and we shall not pause to consider whether its non-fulfilment indicates our artistic degeneration. Let us take it solely for the confirmation it affords of Gautier's purely æsthetic interest in humanity. Disillusionized, our pilgrim turned his eyes toward the world of things, the visible world of beauty that was ever his consolation. He visited the churches and the galleries; he revelled in the physical beauty of the land. In the Alhambra he passed "the four happiest days of his life," peopling its trefoiled arcades with the creatures of his fancy. To the poet indeed, Spain seemed a spiritual fatherland, an actual background for his dreams. And this beloved Spain he sets before us as by the painter's brush-work, albeit we have to watch the picture in the making:—

"A spectacle inconceivable to the people of the north, is the Alameda at the setting of the sun. The Sierra Nevada, whose rugged outline enfolds the city from this side, takes on tints that one cannot imagine. All the escarpments, all the summits, turn pink beneath the light, a dazzling pink, ideal, fairy-like, frosted with silver, shot through with iris and opal reflections, which would turn to mud the brightest colors of the palette; tints of mother-of-pearl, transparencies of ruby, veins of agate and gold-spangled glass, such as would shame all the fairy jewelry of the Arabian nights. The valleys, the ravines, the broken surfaces, all the spots not reached by the setting sun, are blue—a blue that might vie with the azure of the sky or of lapis-lazuli or sapphire. The tonal contrast between the light and shade is prodigious, the mountain seems to have put on an immense mantle of changeable silk, sprinkled and ribbed with silver. Little by little the splendid colors fade, they melt into semi-violet, the shadow invades the lower slopes, the light withdraws to the lofty peaks, and when all the plain is in darkness the silver crown of the Sierra still glitters in the sky beneath the farewell kisses of the sun."

It would be interesting to examine this bit of word painting, rich as the stuffs the great Venetians loved, and to dwell upon Gautier's position as the painter of Romanticism and the father of Impressionism in literature. It would be interesting to consider whether such a mode of writing can endure, since every style that uses metaphor is subject to the eternal laws of change.

But we must bring our *Ave atque Vale* to a close. We must say good-bye to Gautier; for the passing of his centenary gives the world a license to forget him for a hundred years. The world will pay its tribute to his descendants, to poets like Baudelaire, Leconte de Lisle and Hérédia: it is still paying tribute, in its prose, to that cult of the epithet which Gautier introduced and which was elaborated by Flaubert and the Goncourts. To all these, and to Swinburne and Pater and many others beyond the borders of France, Gautier passed on the torch of a purer devotion to art; the range of his influence is visible in the garland of memorial verses published soon after he passed away. And that influence is still perceptible: the poet knows a poet's immortality. For death cannot touch his finest poems; of *Emaux et Camées* one might indeed say what Gautier himself so well said of art:—

All passes. Yet no dust,
No death, on Art shall fall:
The bust
Outlasts the Roman wall.

And the rude coin of bronze
The ploughman finds—O fame!
And cons,
Reveals a Cæsar's name.

Even the gods have passed,
But sovran verse alone
Shall last,
Stronger than bronze or stone.

Carve, chisel, then, or ply
The graver, fix your dream
For aye
In the tough metal's gleam.

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THE RENASCENCE OF THE LIBERAL ARTS COLLEGE

It is a deplorable fact that the American public has known so little about its system of higher education. The terms "college" and "university" have conveyed no definite meaning to the "man on the outside," even though he be college-bred. Nor need we be surprised that such has been the case; for so eager has been the race after all that spells *quick success*, both from the administrative as well as from the undergraduate standpoint, that the objective of many even of our best colleges baffles definition. This fact alone would explain the regrettable inability on the part of the public to take an intelligent interest in the purpose and work of the college. Moreover, it seemed for a time that the very conditions of our social system presaged the elimination of the college as a vital force in our national life. Recent utterances in the public press, however, herald the dawning of a healthful and encouraging realization that the highest cultural welfare of our country is a social question of prime importance and that its solution cannot be arrived at through the ordinary channels of public instruction.

We have been influenced in this more recent attitude of mind to no inconsiderable extent by the opinions of European critics. The epithets, "land of the almighty dollar," "dollardom," "realm of the get-rich-quick," etc., flung in our faces by representatives of older civilizations, have begun to have their sting. While not in a position to deny the partial truth of these appellations, we are beginning to resent them; and this indicates an awakening public consciousness. The realization is gaining ground that, marvelous as has been our economic success, it may have been acquired at too great sacrifice along other lines. While this conviction is, to be sure, nothing new, yet its recent healthful significance is due to the fact that even our intelligent business men are beginning to awaken to a realization of the situation.

In keeping with this more receptive attitude of mind toward

social problems in general, the question of the purpose and future of the college is becoming more and more a vital public issue. No more conclusive evidence of this fact is needed than that Mr. Roosevelt has taken up his versatile pen in behalf of the cultural college. Interest in this live question will rapidly increase in proportion to the growing comprehension that the "college," though not less important, is not a "university"; that it is a distinctively American institution; and finally, that upon it, and not upon the university, rests in largest measure the higher intellectual and cultural welfare of our citizenship.

No word has been more misused than this word "college." Were I to attempt to list the educational hodge-podge covered by this elastic term, there would be space for little else. Scarcely less surprising is the educational bacchanalia celebrated under the no less convenient term "university." Thanks to the Carnegie Foundation, order is beginning to come out of chaos. Thinking men are beginning to realize that a high school is not a college, nor a college a university or technical school; that a university may have its college (collegiate or academic department) but that according to proper terminology the student in a Freshman or Senior class of "Wisconsin" or "Harvard" is not in the "university" but in the "college." Properly speaking, the university comprises the professional and graduate schools—and here too may be included the professional technical departments—to which a student or graduate goes for his professional training. As to the high school, it is evident to all that its purpose is largely to train the mind by systematic drill in the fundamentals and thus to lay the solid foundation upon which a technical, humanistic, or business course must rest.

The high school preparing in the fundamentals and the university and technical schools fitting for the professional careers, manifestly the college must have a different function and aim from those of the former institutions. We are beginning to see that, unlike the high school, the college should not deal with the elements of the various disciplines taught with purely practical ends in view; that, unlike the university and technical school, it should not anticipate, in any but a most subordinate way, the professional training of the student. It is just at

this point that some educators, many parents, and practically the whole of the general public have made a fundamental mistake in their conception of the purpose and result of collegiate training. Wholesale demoralization has been wrought on the one hand by the low entrance requirements of many colleges, which in robbing the high school of those who should still be on its benches have in just so far robbed themselves of one of their claims to existence; and on the other hand these same colleges, by advertising for student-getting reasons, slipshod "pre-engineering," "pre-medical," and "pre"-what-not courses, thereby anticipating university work, have lopped off the other end of the dog. A slow but sure Nemesis is overtaking the institutions that are attempting to ride two horses. Not able to do the work adequately, nevertheless to "keep in the swim" they have not only gulled the public but have duped themselves. For they have ruthlessly sacrificed their most precious birth-right—their unassailable claim to continued recognition.

The American college in its more general aspect is the outcome of a synthesis of educational methods incident to the varied national origin of our citizenship and of our ideals. In this connection, moreover, must be noted the marked and wholesome influence exerted by the long and distinguished line of educators who received their training in German universities.¹ A direct comparison cannot be drawn between our American college and the three European institutions which come in for mention—the English "College," the French "Lycée," and the German "Gymnasium." The English college exercises an oversight and tutelage over the students which is unknown in our American institution—to the advantage, in my judgment, of the latter. One of the strong claims to recognition possessed by our college, and one of its most important contributions to American character, is the fact that it has fostered a spirit of independence and initiative, which is in keeping with our democratic institutions. The recent appearance in our country of the so-called "preceptorial system," under the workings of

¹ Compare the author's article, "Die deutsche Kultur und die Amerikaner," in *Rundschau Zweier Welten*, New York, June, 1911.

which the student is placed more or less under the tutelage of a special instructor, has been necessitated largely by the growing number of students admitted by "hustling" business methods, who neither by family tradition nor personal inclination have any interest in, nor respect for, collegiate work. The Lycée and Gymnasium, both receiving very young pupils and for a period of eight years or more, have therefore a very different complexion; in neither are present all those elements of activity, eloquently summed up by the expression "college life," which with proper restrictions exert a wholesome influence upon the character of the future citizen. Both the French and German institutions have been attacked frequently on the score of their system of "intellectual servitude"—the ever-present projection of the person, oversight, and views of the instructor into the mental horizon of the student. The freedom of our American college life is in part due to the grafting of the German idea of "*akademische Freiheit*" (university freedom), in its more intellectual aspect, onto our college organization; hence the college, though not a university, for many years exercised the function of the latter before the organization of our great graduate institutions. The debt that the country owes, and will continue to owe, to the spirit of independence and confidence engendered by being thrown upon one's own resources in the formative years of life cannot be estimated. It is this principle of "*akademische Freiheit*" grafted onto the outward form of the English college, together with the mental alertness and resourcefulness called forth by the many fields of activity to be found inside our college walls, which have made the American college a unique institution in the world of education.

The question whether the college is a necessary or a superfluous institution cannot be settled by scholastic discussion. It is a question of social and political economy and will be settled as such. If the college has something to offer our social, intellectual, and moral life, which neither the high school, nor the university, nor the technical school can offer; if it has a distinct and beneficent contribution to make to American civilization, the college should remain, and an enlightened public opinion will demand its jealous preservation. If, on the other hand, it but ac-

completes what a year or two added to the high school together with the professional school can do equally well, and even more cheaply, then by all means the college should go. In this day and generation there is no time, no room, for any reduplication in our educational system. Should we not then free ourselves from all cant and concede that a college course is superfluous, or should not thinking men and women, college faculties and college presidents, take a firm stand, insist—even at the risk of losing students—that the college has its own distinct and high calling, and preserve its integrity against all compromise which all too often verges upon educational charlatanry? How many excellent colleges are there, which, without a cent having been added to their endowment or a chair to the faculty, blossom out over night in their catalogues with “civil-engineering,” “chemical-engineering,” “electrical-engineering,” and other scientific courses! This Pallas-springing-fullfledged-from-the-head-of-Jove-ism in college administration is educational quackery of the very worse kind. It is all the more serious because retroactive. Not only are students and public deceived and incalculable injury done to young men who should have attended some professional school whose faculty of specialists in those lines would outnumber many times over the whole college faculty, but a spirit of superficiality and utilitarianism invades the intellectual atmosphere of the college.

An honor man upon graduation from one of our better smaller colleges which was endeavoring to blossom out along scientific lines, surprised his friends by saying that he did not want the Bachelor of Arts degree which had been conferred on him, because, as he stated, the Bachelor of Science degree was “higher.” He explained his attitude of mind by saying that the sciences had better buildings, better equipment, that the president was always talking about what he had done and was going to do for the scientific courses, and thus during his four years of residence, though of a literary turn of mind, he had gotten the idea that “science” was “the thing.” What an exchange is made when the true ideals and aims of the college are cheaply bartered for a few additional students!

The shameless competition in the educational field has vitiated

the fundamental aims of collegiate instruction. Standards have had to be adapted to the needs of the "average man," which has discouraged all attempts at real, intensive scholarship. The conception has gained ground that the college is a "finishing school"; hence the crowding of halls with students (?) whose families and whose ambitions are in little or no sympathy with the real purpose of the college. From their ranks are recruited the "snobs" of college life who "decorate" the offices of the various student organizations and who instil those false ambitions which have given rise to that anomalous thing a "college sentiment" that measures success by non-collegiate standards of individual gain—a sentiment which deprives a democracy of that moral and political sense of justice upon which an enlightened nation must depend.

The harm done by the diversion of the funds and of the efforts necessary to the well-being and development of the "liberal" courses into so-called semi-vocational, scientific expansion in what are now and probably always will be colleges, is almost beyond repair. An illogical and demoralizing competition has been brought about between the colleges and technical schools. Germany has handled the matter more intelligently. Instead of weakening her "literary" *Gymnasien* by throwing down the bars to all sorts of experimental educational tendencies, she has created separate institutions—*Real-Gymnasien* and the yet more radical *Real-Schulen*—to satisfy a variety of tastes and needs. In this way students of different inclinations of mind are kept in a congenial atmosphere and thus the nation has been able to preserve to itself a select body of young men of high attainments who go into the world free from all those ideals of "practicality" so common with us. Even the German universities are in a large measure free from the inroads of ultra-utilitarianism, for the great technical and engineering schools—*Technische Hochschulen*—are entirely distinct institutions.

Scarcely less insidious in effect than the advertising of high-sounding courses has been the practice of some of the smaller colleges of employing instructors who are not specially trained men. So long as the course "goes on," so long as they "hold down" their classes, they seem to give satisfaction. Even one

such "make-shift" man, whatever be his age or dignity, in the faculty of the smaller college undermines the morale of both students and faculty. It is a situation that would not be tolerated even in the better high schools. Such an institution does not possess the true college atmosphere; for students, faculty, and public may well say to themselves that, if one such man satisfies the expectations of the administration, then why could not all the chairs in that institution be equally satisfactorily filled by men of that class. The effects of a reactionary and deplorable policy of this kind are more quickly felt in the student and alumni body than some college executives seem to realize. The moment that the factors of cheapness and superficiality enter into the college atmosphere, the day of usefulness of that institution as a college has ended. This situation has in many cases been caused by strained financial conditions due to unfortunate and expensive ambitions along semi-vocational lines.

The time has come when even the most progressive friends of the modern college—men who both by natural inclination, university training, and active public interests are in hearty sympathy with more effective and more scientific method in collegiate instruction and administration—must needs admit to a growing realization of the fact that *we have reached a crisis in our college development, that we have gone too far in the "modernization" of the curriculum, that our ideals must be readjusted, or that the college must go.*

It is significant that an engineer—a so-called "practical" man—Mr. M. L. Cooke, employed by the Carnegie Foundation to investigate the efficiency of college organization, should close his report with this quotation from Ex-President Eliot: "Education for efficiency must not be materialistic, prosaic, nor utilitarian, it must be idealistic, humane, and passionate, or it will not reach its goal." The only claim that the American college can make to continued recognition, confidence, and patronage is on the ground that it offers just these very elements mentioned by Dr. Eliot, which are so sorely needed in our American civilization—these elements of "culture" in the highest sense which neither the high school nor the professional school can give.

A college then differentiates itself from the preparatory and professional institutions in that the central sun about which all the planetary courses revolve is not the idea of *preparation*, nor *profession*, nor *trade*, but *culture*. Only a year or two since, the use of this word "culture" would have elicited in many quarters a smile of good-natured toleration or of supercilious condescension. Within the last year, however, the most important magazines and periodicals in all parts of the country have opened their pages to articles dealing with the subject. And well they might, for, in the mad race after "the quickly attainable," the very meaning of the word had lost its significance even to many educators. Recently a college professor was invited to address a large educational convention and chose as his subject, "The Factor of 'Culture' in the College Curriculum." The secretary of the organization replied that they were much pleased with the subject, but "it is due you to be informed that the same subject is already upon the programme, another speaker having announced as his subject, 'Physical Culture in College.'" Still more recently one of the best-known educators of the country made the statement that "Any subject well taught is cultural, for example *shoemaking*." I would not be understood as intimating that culture means the preclusion of sympathy between the college and practical life, they being manifestly interdependent; but I do believe that in the college all else is to be subordinated to the idea of disinterested culture. The attainment of culture does not mean the ability to inflect all the Greek verbs, nor the learning of all the rules for the sequence of tenses in Latin, nor the ability to speak German, nor an extensive grasp of philosophical definitions, *et cetera*. A student might have drained to the last drop all this supposedly culture-producing medicament and yet not be a cultured man. Culture means far more than mere rules and theorems and technical ability.

Charles Eliot Norton called culture "the imagination that lifts man from the petty, transient, and physical interests that engross the greater part of his time and thoughts in self-regarding pursuits, to the large, permanent, and spiritual interests that ennoble his nature and transform him from a solitary individual

into a member of the brotherhood of the human race." This definition would make *intelligent men*, not *literary monks*. It is the "homo sum ; humani nihil a me alienum puto" of Terence. Although culture does not necessarily enable a man to create anything but makes a man to *be* something, yet it must not be envisaged as a mere luxury. Not only is the very intellectual life of the nation dependent upon it for the gift of universal sympathy which it bestows, but whole departments of knowledge are closed to him who has not been touched by its magic. "History, as a whole," said Goldwin Smith, "cannot be studied until the moral unity of the race be thoroughly felt." These "spiritual interests that ennoble," this idea "homo sum," this "moral unity of the race," cannot be brought home to high school pupils in the tender years of youth, nor can they be made a part of the busy professional courses.

This element of culture, which someone has called "the fruit of knowledge married to sympathy," is the corner-stone upon which the whole structure of the curriculum must rest. Sacrifice it and you have withdrawn from the college its very reason of existence. After years of close acquaintanceship with the educational systems of the Old World, I unhesitatingly pronounce *the ideal American college the biggest dynamic intellectual potential in the world of education*. I would deplore the elimination of the college as a distinct and irreparable loss to our democratic institutions. Its gradual extinguishment, between the encroachment of the high school on the one hand and of the professional schools on the other, would mean the uncoupling of the last balance-wheel to our opportunistic, utilitarian, time-is-money American tendencies. I would cast no reflection upon that eminently necessary specialization and expertism that properly follows or even ignores the broadly liberal, cultural college course, but merely upon any form of higher intellectual training that overlooks and décries spiritual values or claims to supply their equivalent. Professor Wendley, of the University of Michigan, himself a product of the fine cultural atmosphere of Scotch schools, well says, "The expert (without cultural training) thus let loose for punishment upon the people who shout for him, is that paradoxical animal—an

educated man who knows nothing about the relative values of life."

In case these lines may fall under the eye of some *business man* who may feel that what has been said about "culture," "spirituality," "sympathy," and the rest of it, is but airy nothingness, empty phraseology, when compared with the tangible facts of skyscrapers and flying machines, I shall quote an extract from a letter recently received from the secretary of the largest manufactory of its kind in this country, a man who directs a gigantic business enterprise, and who will therefore not be accused of scholastic narrowness. He writes:—"It makes me tired to hear a graduate in pharmacy or a graduate from the engineering course of the University of —, or the product of one of the numerous bread-and-butter courses, talk as if he had enjoyed a college education. Really that's a joke. What do these engineers and pharmacists and chemists know about a liberal education—one that enlarges and elevates the mind, enlightens the taste, and enriches the whole man? These polytechnic courses are very like in kind the bookkeeping courses of the so-called 'business colleges.' . . . I do not belittle the fact that the country needs well-trained engineers, civil, mechanical, electrical, chemists and pharmacists . . . but they have their nerve to pretend that they are liberally educated men. My notion of a liberal education embraces literature, history, philosophy, political economy, art—the things that are calculated to fill a man's mind with what Burke calls 'large and liberal ideas.'" Words like these from out the realm of business may be taken as an encouraging sign of a change of attitude in the public mind.

The most significant phenomenon in the sphere of education in these latter days is the strong counter-current that seems to be setting in against the utilitarian tendencies run mad of the last decade. Harvard's change of policy toward the wholesale elective system, which, however innocently, gave originally such impetus to the natural American leaning toward all that bears the stamp of "quick success" and "bring-in-the-dollars-fast," is the beginning, I believe, of a great, irresistible wave of reform. The dawn of this twentieth century renaissance is yet more

clearly foreshadowed by the recent gift of \$3,000,000 to found from the ground up a *college* with no university nor technical ambitions. Evidently our American civilization is beginning to feel the lack of

" . . . something better, more adorned
Than is the common aspect, daily garb
Of human life."

In other words, the battle-cry, "Quick success at any cost," is, somehow or other, beginning to have a false ring.

Of far-reaching significance in this connection is the recent recommendation of the class of 1885 to the Trustees of Amherst College, advising the elimination of the scientific (B.S.) degree and the concentration of funds and efforts (including the payment of large salaries to a picked faculty) upon what should be the true ideals of collegiate training—the attainment of disinterested culture.

It is "the duty of Amherst," says the address of the committee presented by Mr. E. Parmlee Prentice of New York, "to take a distinctive public position as a representative of that individual training and general culture which was once the purpose of all American colleges. We believe that the college should take this position, as a duty owing to its students, as an opportunity for a great public service, and in its own interest as a matter of self-preservation. . . . Is there no distinctive field which Amherst may occupy? . . . We believe there is such a field; that there are public services which Amherst may render; that there are signs of reaction from present conditions. . . . The popular appraisal of education is commercial . . . and if every man stands for himself this appraisal may be right. It is in the relation of the individual to the community that this view of educational training first breaks down. . . . There is a training which should be undergone for the sake of learning and for the benefit of the State. . . . It is the belief of the class of 1885 that the colleges of the country have permitted themselves to be led aside from their true function, that some reaction is inevitable, and that no college can better lead such a movement than Amherst."

This document has the ring of a veritable Magna Charta of cultural rights.

The encroachment of the "useful" on the more cultural disciplines—the decried self-assertiveness of the modern languages and the sciences—was not the fundamental cause of the "modern trend" in things educational. The displaced classical disciplines of the old college curriculum have themselves a mighty load of responsibility to bear for the situation. Professor Percy Hughes of Lehigh does not miss the bull's-eye far when he says, "Few instructors are less liberal, in the fundamental significance of the term, than many teachers of the subjects which are traditionally styled liberal." He might have gone further and cited many of the professors of the classics; for instead of kindling in the hearts of students "high and passionate" thoughts, instead of being interpreters to the New World of the mighty heritage of literary and artistic ideals of the Ancient World, they degenerated in the majority of colleges into mere expounders of syntactical difficulties and correctors of themes. It was their unpardonable failure to recognize the grave responsibility that rested upon them, which gives the opportunity to scientific men, representing the "practical" side in the controversy, to exclaim with Professor Stevenson of New York University: "For more than half a century the gospel of culture has been preached by college graduates, who, too often, are themselves living proofs of its falsity." The cultural efficiency then of the college cannot depend upon vain ideals. It must rest upon *what* is taught within its walls and *how* it is taught by men whose specialization, rare gifts, and exceptional fitness should guarantee them salaries which would prevent them from steering toward university chairs.

The supplanting of the classics by the modern languages¹ has placed grave responsibilities upon the representatives of these latter branches. The claim that they are "practical" subjects, which has carried them on the current of progress thus far, will be flimsy oars in the sea of reaction in which the college is beginning to find itself. The French and German languages are storehouses of limitless inspiration when taught from the stand-

¹ Compare the author's article, "The Modern Languages as Cultural College Disciplines," *Educational Review*, Columbia University, May, 1911.

point of the literary, political, social, and artistic development of those races, but, like the ancient languages, they are miserable things as instruments of real culture, if taught purely as languages and divested of their inspiring adornment, not of mere words, but of ideas. Let the student but once catch the idea of the inter-relationship of the literary, historical, and æsthetic disciplines, let him but grasp the idea that they reflect the marvelous unfolding of the human mind through the ages, he will no longer need *teaching*, he will *grow*. This is true culture. This should be the single goal of all collegiate training. The sciences also are veritably cultural and eminently desirable, but they should be taught by men who are alive to their general relation to the liberalizing and balanced scheme of the curriculum and who will not mislead the student by any false notion of their vocational value as over and against the less directly financially remunerative branches. Any claims to preëminence on the part of the sciences in the college curriculum, either as disciplines or anticipatory vocational courses, will not contribute to the best interests of true collegiate culture.

One of the most encouraging signs that we are reverting to a higher conception of the function of the college is the rapid introduction into the curriculum of the History of Art taught from its more philosophic side.¹ The idea prompting its introduction was not only that there is too little æsthetic training in our academic departments, but also that it will tend to counterbalance the materialistic tendencies of the curriculum. In advocating the History of Art as a college study there is, of course, no thought of any technical instruction, that obviously being solely the business of the art schools. It has been realized that the Fine Arts, influenced as they are by the political, religious, economic, and material conditions of their environment, are the most direct reflection of the civilization and mentality of a people and that the History of Art cannot be studied seriously without taking into consideration all these

¹ Compare the author's article, "The History of Art as a College Discipline," Supplement *Art and Progress*, Washington, July, 1910, and *Education*, Boston, September, 1910.

factors. When taught by a man as familiar with history and literature as with art, and as a senior course, it would not only serve to gather into a related whole many otherwise seemingly unrelated subjects but would tend to inspire a cosmopolitanism of vision and a respect for the past which are the watermarks of real culture.

In view of what has been said it would therefore seem that recent criticism, far from furnishing an argument for the discontinuance of the college, confirms the conviction that the present strong trend toward a higher appreciation of cultural values means the dawn of a new era of splendid usefulness for the college. The indications are that the college will become, what it necessarily should be, an institution for men of marked ability and not an institution which, as President Schurman puts it, "revolves about the average man, with a strong pull in the direction of mediocrity." The outcome of such a policy would mean the survival of scarcely more than one great college of highest standards in each state. The greatest immediate gain to accrue from this higher conception of collegiate work and consequent elimination of weak institutions would be the discontinuance of the deplorable wasteful flow of contributions into the coffers of institutions whose fate is a foregone conclusion. Both colleges and philanthropists owe Dr. Pritchett a deep debt of gratitude for having called public attention to this thoughtless waste of funds and reduplication of useless and weak institutions caused by well-meaning, but misguided, denominational zeal.

In this connection it should be said that no greater service could be done Christian education in America to-day than by the widest possible extension of the principle of "independent and self-perpetuating boards of trustees." I do not believe, as a general rule, that the ultimate control by religious denominations has been exercised in a narrowly sectarian sense. But the public thinks otherwise. The jealous manner in which some church bodies have clung to the rights of "supervision" or of "veto" has created the impression, even among the most respected portion of our population, that the denominations are guarding this prerogative of control from no disinterested nor broadly humanitarian motive. It is unfortunate for the de-

nominations themselves, as well as for the cause of collegiate education, that the reproach of "mediævalism," "bigotry" and "denominationalism" has been permitted by the churches themselves to injure the standing and the influence of many institutions which are denominational only in name. The country is beginning to be suspicious of the educational efficiency of "church schools" which are endeavoring to keep their constituency largely through the "denominational argument."

If my contention regarding the inestimable value of the college to the nation be sound, a unique and splendid field of philanthropy lies before a Carnegie or a Rockefeller who may be willing to immortalize himself by devoting his wealth to the guaranteeing for all time to the people of each of the states yet destitute of such an institution, one great Amherst or Williams or Dartmouth to be the home in that state of disinterested collegiate culture. Those forms of intellectual pursuits which are less apparently and quickly remunerative are at a distinct disadvantage in the state university over and against all the tangible allurements of the scientific, agricultural, mechanical, and professional courses. Moreover, as the literary subjects are elected by large numbers of women, the immature student in the state institution gets the false impression that these subjects necessarily must be effeminate. The state universities as a whole can, in my judgment, never expect to offer the kind of atmosphere which encourages, on the part of the undergraduate, an appreciation of disinterested, liberal training—that higher kind of idealism which is just as essential to the intellectual welfare of the nation as is expertism to its economic progress.

The chartering of one great, humanistic institution in each state, pledged by its charter for all time to the unique fostering of literary, historical, æsthetic, and moral culture, with that grounding in the sciences compatible with, and so necessary to, a liberal education, would be a greater and more needed gift to the American people than any other form of existing benefaction. These institutions would receive the select men of the country, their endowments rendering unnecessary any but the highest standards of scholarship and their charters prohibiting all catering to ephemeral educational whims and the present disgraceful

forms of "hustling" competition. I have no fear of the senseless cries against an "intellectual aristocracy." That is just what we want, and must have, unless we desire to convert ourselves into a socialistic Arcadia with something of the form of a Boer republic. The liberally trained and therefore sympathetic "intellectual aristocrat," as his traducers would term him, is essential to public welfare. "Democracy as a permanent world force," wrote Mr. Roosevelt, "must mean not only the raising of the general level, but also the raising of the standard of excellence to which only exceptional individuals can attain."

I would not be understood as being out of sympathy with scientific investigation and industrial training in all their forms. Far from it. I am a believer in the most thorough and complete training of experts in all these great fields of activity. I am a hearty supporter of state institutions and great technical schools. I do not advocate technical training *less* but liberal training *more*, and for the very simple reason that our American inclinations run *ipso facto* towards the former and because it is, and will be, provided for. Not so, however, with the undergraduate, humanistic branches, which are destined either to eke out a precarious and servile existence in the dangerously overshadowing and chilling utilitarian and practical atmosphere of the state universities, or which must be nurtured as tender but none the less necessary elements of our life in separate, great, but not rival colleges—institutions inculcating the ideas of a world not of mere interest, but of ideals. In this direction, I believe, and in this direction only, lies the renascence of the college as a vital force in our national life.

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POST IMPRESSIONISM

It is a common reproach on our present-day culture that we are failing to produce any great works of art. Needless to say, this is a serious indictment. The true flower of any civilization is revealed in its art. Have we not reason, then, to be concerned about the validity of this accusation? Evidence, of course, is hard to procure, and any true perspective is for us impossible. But how many other periods have misjudged themselves! We may even doubt, with Whistler, if there ever was an 'artistic period.' All we can say with assurance is that art has happened now and again. Time wipes away the pseudo-artistic, while that which possesses merit survives.

So it may be with our own times. At any rate, we should not judge by the mass of commonplace and ephemeral productions which make up the list of 'best sellers' in books, which crowd our theatres, concert-halls, and art-galleries. If we would attempt anything approaching an accurate judgment of contemporary art, we must search for the few who are struggling for expression in new fields—impelled forward by new ideas—and must try to evaluate their work with sympathy and intelligence alike. Ripe judgment of the masterpiece is not for us but for the future. Only time can tell what shall survive, only time can answer in full the question of our artistic achievement. But there is no good reason why we should not discern the trend of modern endeavor and, in a measure, forecast the future of an art. Careful scrutiny and impartial mind should dictate our method, for this task is surely the true function of the critic.

As it happens, a good deal of interest is now being aroused in a school of painting which has been dubbed *Post Impressionism*. The movement is not a new one. Paris has known it in a definite form for more than twenty years in the varied expressions of a group of "independents" headed by the veterans Cézanne, Gauguin, and Van Gogh. Germany has been greatly influenced by its *Secessionists* for a scarcely shorter time. Only in conservative England and remote America is the movement just

now meeting the consideration which its efforts have warranted in other lands. Yet we may as well confess at once that nowhere has this attempt to break the shackles of tradition met with any such recognition as to justify its acceptance among orthodox artists and amateurs. The average critic still ranks it among the fads of erratic genius and commercially-minded art-dealers.

But the movement has not died as so many others have done—the Pre-Raphaelite movement, for instance, and the *art nouveau*, with its perverse craftsmanship. On the contrary, its productions are becoming increasingly conspicuous. Interest in its theories and practices is becoming day by day more evident. We need have no fear of being accused of attempting to galvanize into life the still-born productions of a degenerate fancy. For whatever may be urged against these works, it cannot be denied that they are teeming with vitality. What more may be said in their favor as a permanent contribution to representative art?

In the first place, we must clear away that prejudice which sees beauty only in its accustomed place. Two things which at once impress the casual observer of these bizarre productions are the absence of any attempt to depict the 'beautiful,' and the frankly unfinished look of the canvases. We shall allow our discussion to hinge in the main upon these two points. Concerning the first, the battle was waged loud and long, but there are many evidences that the innovators are winning the day. To Rodin, perhaps, more than to any other artist of the last generation, has been due the achievement of enlarging our grasp on the true nature of beauty. "Pour l'artiste digne de ce nom," he tells us, "tout est beau dans la nature, parce que ses yeux, acceptant intrépidement toute vérité extérieure, y lisent sans peine, comme à livre ouvert, toute vérité intérieure."

Only with the greatest difficulty, however, has æsthetic theory succeeded in convincing the devotees of art that a true and universal beauty may reside in the work of the artist quite regardless of the presence or absence of any intrinsic beauty in the subject which he is depicting. It required a drastic measure to drive home this important truth, and the ultra-realists in literature, notably Zola, have rendered valiant service in this cause. Little by little we have come to realize that a feeling of

pleasure is *not* the essential feature in an æsthetic experience. In literature it has always been evident that such a doctrine was far too narrow to admit an adequate interpretation of the tragic. Aristotle realized the fallacy of such a view, and corrected it in his theory of æsthetic *Katharsis*. Only in painting and sculpture has it been held up to the artist as a first consideration that he should please his audience with a reflection of things which could at once be grasped as types of perfection. But our independents will have no more of this. Pictorial art is for them as broad a field from which to appeal to feeling, imagination, and understanding as that which is assigned to literature. They are firm in the belief that they must break with academic tradition in order that they may take advantage of the manifold opportunities of expression which hitherto have been denied them.

The first step on the way toward this wider reach was taken by the Impressionists. But it is questionable if impressionism, as it is generally understood, introduced into pictorial art anything essentially new except certain scientific discoveries. It discovered, first, the use of contrasting colors to enhance form-values. In noting that the contrasting color always pervades the shadow cast by an object, and that in nature the distant vistas are enveloped in a purplish haze—as contrasted with the predominant greens and yellows of the foreground—the Impressionists proceeded to revolutionize preëxisting conceptions of aerial perspective and atmospheric effects generally. They discovered also that by placing raw, opaque colors in close juxtaposition, a fusion could be effected by the eye, at a certain distance, which would leave the resultant combination quite as brilliant as were the original colors; whereas when the colors are mixed on the palette the combination suffers a considerable loss in vividness—mixed colors being invariably dull and muddy. The art of landscape painting, where values of light and color play so large a part, owes its true inspiration to these discoveries.

But the Post Impressionists have not contented themselves with such technical devices for capturing and idealizing upon nature's effects. They have devoted their attention, not so much to the means of producing 'effects,' which always have

about them an element of instability and transience, as to the means of fixing a type or symbol. It is here that their work indicates so marked a variation from the orthodox productions of the Academies. Finding no necessity for adherence to those types of figure and situation which have become the stock material of the studios, they have seen the possibility, by enlarging their range, of depicting even abstract truths by means of symbolic expressions.

Yet it is not to the strange and freakish in nature that they go for their suggestions. On the contrary, the truths which attract them are suggested by the most ordinary and frequent objects of daily experience. Their symbolism is therefore a very concrete one, and their truths are vibrant with life. Not in the ideal figure of a nymph, or in the carefully wrought portrait of some psychological type do they find that suggestion of character which makes the artistic study of humanity a constant source of inspiration. But rather do they find it in a far simpler and, as it were, more naïve exposition of a type drawn with much greater emphasis upon fundamental lines and surfaces than upon those details of lineament which nature suggests in such complex abundance. The result may be distorted as a figure, and ugly as an object, but it is real and true as an expression. This is the secret of their perversity. It is not that they care for the representation of the ugly because it is ugly, nor that they seek wilfully to distort nature. Only a superficial view can so interpret it. What is aimed at is rather the depiction of an object, whether ugly or no, because of the beauty of its simple and expressive truth. And this involves just such a selection of material, and just such a distortion of the object as may be necessary to emphasize this truth.

We may now consider the second point of criticism which has been aimed at these artists, namely, the apparent incompleteness of their work. To understand this we must probe a little deeper into the artistic attitude of these painters.

The Lord Jesus in one of His most profound utterances said: "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven." There is a world of philosophy condensed into this brief statement, and the truth of it is one

which your obvious-minded person is always slow to see. Pictorial art is said to deal primarily with the representation of things seen. For this reason it has often been regarded as an artistic virtue to see as much as possible, and to render accordingly. But one need not go far on this line of argument to realize that imitation, however minute and clever it may be, ends simply in stultification. The result can never be aught more than a sham and a delusion. The function of art, surely, is quite other than this. Representation is no doubt the *method* of painting, but not for the sake of being true to nature. The artist's problem is, rather, to be true to the minds to which he makes his appeal. The model which he selects is always before him, and may be observed and studied with the greatest care; but this fact does not signify that he must represent its every detail in an attempt to compress it all into a single glance. We have abundant evidence to prove that what we actually see when we look at an object is far less than that which we suppose we see. And yet, if we were to represent only that which we sense at a glance, the result would be so surprisingly meagre that in many cases it would be quite unintelligible to us. What is needed to interpret these bits which the eye has gleaned consists in certain clues which are furnished by our preceding attitude and thought. Without these, nothing that we see has any meaning for us.

Now the artist gives us a view without a past. We are simply confronted by it and asked to understand it. Evidently a picture is quite a different thing from a momentary glance which finds its proper place only in a sequence of relevant experiences. The meaning of experience is given in successive states of mind; the visual factors are but elements in a chain of thought. A picture, however, must contain its meaning within itself. In consequence of this, the picture is something quite different from a casual view of nature. But it is also different from a photographic transcription. A photograph contains both too much and too little to give us an adequate impression of full artistic significance. It contains too much, in that it renders with entire impartiality all that has been exposed to the sensitized plate. It contains too little, in that it fails to arouse those

elements of adjustment and expectancy which play so large a part in the interpretation of what we see. It is the problem of art to represent two things: all that is essential of the object, and all that is essential to a proper understanding of it. The first of these desiderata artists have long realized. They have exercised great freedom in simplifying and arranging their compositions, in order that distracting details might be eliminated and important factors duly emphasized. But what they have not always realized in so great a degree is the need for suggesting in a perfectly definite manner the precise attitude of expectancy which is necessary to place the spectator in direct *rappor*t with the idea which they have chosen to express. This second problem is much more difficult than the first, and in order to solve it satisfactorily the artist must bring his conception to the lowest possible level of human intercourse.

It is precisely this fact which gives us the key to the saying of Jesus. It is precisely this which accounts for the naïve and childlike quality to be found in the work of the Post Impressionists. Almost jejune it appears at times, yet however ridiculously bare and crude it may seem on first view, it frequently possesses a veracity and a living quality which no amount of detail and meticulous finish is able to effect.

In his volume on the *Problem of Form*—one of the few essays by an artist which really strike in an intelligible way at the underlying principles of art—Adolf Hildebrand, the eminent sculptor, has made note of the essentially childlike vision of the artist. He says: "If we but consider that the artistic idea is in essence nothing more than a further evolution in the natural process of learning to see—a process which each one of us begins to perform in childhood; and if we remember that in childhood visual imagery is most vivid; then we may gain some idea of the sudden end to all this play of fancy which must follow the child's entrance into school. For school turns the much-prized hours of youth to activities and disciplines inimical to art. Deflected thus from his natural course, the child develops his artificial rather than his natural resources, and it is only when he reaches full maturity that the artist learns to think

again in terms of the natural forces and ideas which in his childhood were his happiest possession."

It is a definite attempt to regain this childlike manner of apprehensions which characterizes the method of the Post Impressionists. In order that they may express themselves more forcibly and more directly, they have given to their work a touch of childish brevity. The broad outlines, the flat masses of solid color, the simple rhythms, or "repeats," in the somewhat formal pattern of their design, all emphasize these long-discarded efforts of a youthful imagination in its first craving for pictorial expression. But it would be futile to attempt a return to such manifest crudities, were it not for the fact that a suggestive truth lurks among them,—an elusive something which is powerfully stimulating to the imagination and the understanding. Thus we find, to our surprise, that the broad and realistic strokes used to set off a figure from its background, instead of rendering it false and inartistic, give it an emphasis which it otherwise seems to lack, and a reality which is all the more real because it is quite distinct from the realism which we associate with naturalism, inasmuch as it belongs rather to that more fundamental realism of the mental concept.

It has been noted that in painting a circular object in perspective—for instance, a dish—the elliptical form which it assumes in geometrical projection is unsuited to give us the essential quality of its actual rotundity. If, on the other hand, it is depicted as an oblongish form, we seem to derive from it a more acute realization of its spatial import. This fact is closely akin to the child's method of picturing. In drawing a table he is apt to represent first the square top, because that is the most essential feature of his knowledge about tables. The legs which he adds at the four corners are necessarily displaced from their actual relation to the top, because he has no third dimension in which to sink them. But the fact remains that the essential features of the table are there, though a satisfactory representation is not achieved. The use of an oblongish form to represent what would be geometrically projected as an ellipse, gains its veracity from the fact that the real surface-content of the dish is better depicted in this manner than it is by an ellipse. The el-

lipse is an abstraction obtained from a surface which is actually round. The oblong is a compromise which does justice both to the perspective view and also to the real surface-content, inasmuch as oblongs are more frequently met with as surface forms than are ellipses.

Thus we have seen that the criticism which tends to discredit the work of the Post Impressionists because of its ugliness and its incompleteness is unintelligent and invalid. The intrinsically ugly, when subjected to artistic treatment, may possess a quality of æsthetic interest which far surpasses the interest awakened by types of perfection. Indeed, the suggestion of states of mind and action depends in large measure upon factors which are almost totally eliminated in the representation of form for its own sake. Yet this does not mean that beauty of form is a negligible factor in art, but only that it is one among many other factors, each possessing its own peculiar significance. We are accustomed to refer to Greek sculpture as the acme of formal beauty in representation. Our ideals of classic form have been largely derived from Greek productions. One needs, however, only to compare a Greek Venus with her average modern imitation constructed in the 'classic manner,' to realize how far short of this ideal the modern sculptor has come. The sense of life, the vibrating, palpitating flesh which clothes the Greek statue, is entirely absent in the cold and austere stone of the modern. And this because—it is Rodin who noticed it—the Greek sculptor realized what his modern imitator did not, namely, that an infinite variety in surface values is essential to this living result. The smooth texture of the modern stone encases no soul, suggests no animation, while the minute but always meaningful variations in the surface of a Greek torso are the very factors which make even a fragment of the original statue alive in every part. It is just these living qualities to be derived from texture, line, surface, and color which are so strikingly in evidence in the paintings of the Post Impressionists. Indeed, so much are they in evidence that often a great deal has been sacrificed in the way of formal beauty in an effort to drive their meaning home.

So, too, with regard to the scantness of their detail and the

unaccustomed breadth of their treatment. What seems at first glance to be only the result of poverty of invention, giving rise to the often-heard comment that a child could do as well, will bear a closer scrutiny. A work of art is measured not so much by the abundance which it offers, as by the significance of the resultant whole. Instead of being bungling artisans, these painters are often superb draughtsmen who have simply chosen to depict the minimum of form values in their effort to achieve the maximum of expressiveness. That they have always succeeded in their attempt it would be folly to maintain. What we should look for in their work is rather the thought and action for which they have sacrificed so much of the conventional in painting. We must not look to them for masterpieces. What they have given is necessarily tentative. It remains for their successors who have learned more fully to comprehend their unique point of view to manipulate these factors into bigger and more monumental results.

But fairly certain we may be, if what has been said in their defense is soundly argued, that the ideas and aims of this group of contemporary artists bear the impress of a real contribution to art. It would not be surprising if future generations should look back upon the surviving remnants of these curious expressions as the foundation-stones of an art which for them will have long since achieved the distinction of orthodoxy, and about which will have long been hung the ample mantle of the classical spirit. For, after all, the classic is only that which has gained universal acceptance. The narrower meanings of artistic *genres*, among which the classic is treated as one, are but minor affairs when compared with the all-embracing concept of artistic truth, which, levelling all lesser differences, makes Art one both in aim and achievement. Just as we to-day look back upon the primitives of the early Italian Renaissance, not only for the crude beginnings of our art of painting, but also for fresh and inspiring suggestions of truth and beauty,—so may we imagine those of a later generation admiring with unprejudiced enthusiasm these pioneer efforts towards an enlargement of our own artistic horizon.

Innovations in art win their way but slowly, for artistic tradi-

tion is conservative in a sense only slightly less emphatic than is the conservatism of religion. Yet time inevitably modifies both, selecting the true, discarding the false. And elements of truth, even of a new truth, half realized though it be, are surely to be found in the works which we have been discussing. It is perhaps too much to ask that we should find in them now that which we have so long associated only with formal beauty, but it is also too little to ask that we should regard them with a mere tolerance as the half-mad utterances of a restless, aimless spirit. For precisely here, in the manifold possibilities of these scant achievements, rests a hope that our age may yet be classed among those which have pushed beyond the narrow confines of academic tradition into the unexplored regions of the Art which is to be.

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SOME UNPUBLISHED DOCUMENTS RELATING TO POE'S EARLY YEARS

A dozen biographies of Poe have been written, yet the riddle of his life has never been fully solved. There are two whole years of his life for which we know nothing; there are other years of his maturity for which we know scarcely more than his whereabouts; and for his childhood and youth his biographers have been able to give us, with certainty, little save names and dates.¹ There is still doubt as to the occasion of his death. It is still a question how he was employed during the period intervening between his resignation from the army and his admission into West Point; still a question whether he was privately married to Virginia Clemm as most of his biographers hold, in Baltimore, some eight months before their public marriage in Richmond in 1836; still a question whether his mind was not unhinged during his final years.

Some of these obscurities will perhaps never be cleared away. But for Poe's earliest years, spent in Richmond and London, a good deal of new material has recently become available. This is found in the Ellis-Allan Papers, now in the possession of the Library of Congress, a collection of nearly three hundred volumes of office books, letters, bills, and the like, recording the business transactions of the Richmond firm of Ellis & Allan during the first six decades of last century. The junior member of this firm was John Allan, foster-father of Poe, and scattered throughout the collection are letters from his pen—more than a hundred in all—in which Poe is briefly touched upon, and some that are devoted to him in their entirety. There are also important letters from other hands;² and there are, besides, a

¹ The fully authenticated details of the first third of Poe's career, Professor Woodberry presents in his revised life of Poe—a work comprising more than eight hundred pages—in a chapter of twenty pages.

² I called attention to some of these documents two years ago in *Modern Language Notes* (XXV, 127-8), but was not then at liberty to publish them. The ban upon publication has since been removed; and I have, in the meantime, had further opportunity to examine the collection, with the result that I have turned up considerable additional material.

number of bills and ledger entries that are not without interest for the poet's early career.

The earliest of these documents of importance for the life of Poe is a letter from Eliza Poe, paternal aunt of the poet, to Mrs. Allan, written eleven days before Poe was to celebrate his fourth birthday and about two years after he had been taken into the Allan family. The letter throws an interesting sidelight on the poet's infant years, and makes it pretty clear that his relatives in Baltimore understood that Mr. Allan intended to adopt him legally as his son. I give the letter in its entirety, reproducing diplomatically the spelling, capitalization, and pointing of the original:—

Baltimore February 8th, 1813

Tis the Aunt of Edgar that addresses Mrs. Allen for the second time, impressed with the idea that a letter if received could not remain unacknowledged so long as from the month of July. She is induced to write again in order to inquire in her family's as well as in her own name after the health of the Child of her Brother, as well as that of his adopted Parents—I cannot suppose my dear Mrs. Allen that a heart possessed by such original humanity as your's must without doubt be, could so long keep in suspense, the anxious inquiries made through the medium of my letter by the Grand Parents of the Orphan of an unfortunate son, suerly e're this allowing that you did not wish to commence a correspondence with one who is utterly unknown to you had you received it, Mr. Allen would have written to my Father or Brother if it had been only to let them know how he was—but I am confident you never received it, for two reasons the first is that not having the pleasure of knowing your christian name I merely addressed it to Mrs. Allen of Richmond, the second is as near as I can recollect you were about the time I wrote to you at the springs where Mr. Douglas saw you, permit me my dear madam to thank you for your kindness to the little Edgar—he is truly the Child of fortune to be placed under the fostering care of the amiable Mr. and Mrs. Allen. Oh how few meet with such a lot—the Almighty Father of the Universe grant that he may never abuse the kindness he has received and that from those who were not bound by any ties except those that the feeling and humane heart dictates—I fear that I have too long intruded on your patience, will you if so have the

goodness to forgive me—and dare I venture to flatter myself with the hope that this will be received with any degree of pleasure or that you will gratify me so much as to answer it—give my love to the dear little Edgar and tell him tis his Aunt Eliza who writes this to you—my Mother and family desire to be affectionately remembered to Mr. Allen and yourself—Henry frequently speaks of his little Brother and expresses a great desire to see him, tell him he sends his very best love to him and is greatly pleased to hear that he is so good as also so pretty a Boy as Mr. Douglas represented him to be—I feel as if I were wrighting to a sister and can scarcely even at the risk of your displeasure prevail on myself to lay aside my pen—with the hope of your indulgence in pardoning my temerity I remain my Dear Mrs. Allen yours with the greatest respect

Eliza Poe.

Mrs. Allen the kind Benefactress
of the infant Orphan Edgar Allen Poe.

A letter of May 14, 1813, from John Allan to Charles Ellis, his partner, informs him that "Edgar has caught the whooping cough;" to which Mr. Ellis replies six days later: "I am proud to hear Edgar has got the whooping cough"; and then explains: "This may appear strange but it wishes him well." It is noteworthy that nowhere in the hundreds of letters that make mention of Poe is there any display of ill will toward him on the part of anyone, save only John Allan himself. It is plain that the tradition which makes Poe out to have been a general favorite in his childhood has a firm basis in fact.

Another letter brings out the information that Poe's first schooling was had in Richmond,—apparently in the autumn of 1814 or in the following winter,—and not, as has generally been assumed, at some time after the Allans had moved to London in the autumn of 1815. This develops from a letter of the Richmond schoolmaster, William Ewing, written on November 27, 1817, and addressed to John Allan, then in London. The letter is mainly concerned with a claim against Mr. Allan for the tuition of "Master Edward Collier," a Richmond boy whom Mr. Allan had befriended, but concludes with this paragraph about Poe:—

"I trust Edgar continues to be well and to like his school as much as he used to do when in Richmond. He is a

charming boy and it will give me pleasure to hear how he is, and where you have sent him to school, and also what he is reading. . . . Let me now only beg of you to remember me respectfully to your lady Mrs. Allan and her sister, who I hope are well — and also do not forget to mention me to their august attendant Edgar."

To this Mr. Allan replied in a letter of March 21, 1818:—

"Accept my thanks for the solicitude you have so kindly expressed about Edgar and the family. Edgar is a fine Boy and I have no reason to complain of his progress."

The daybook of Ellis & Allan — under date June 15, 1815 — attests the payment by John Allan, of a bill for tailor's services for the youthful Poe, as follows:—

1813, Oct. 12—to cutting a suit for Edgar	\$ 75
1814, March 28—to " " " " "	75
1815, May 3—making a suit of cloeths Edgar	2 00

A letter of John Allan's, written at Norfolk on June 22, 1815, just before setting sail for Europe for a stay of five years abroad, gives instructions as to the disposal of some property he was leaving behind and concludes with the following intimate details concerning his family: "Tomorrow at 9 A.M. we'll all go down to the Roads to take our Departure. . . . Frances & Nancy [Mrs. Allan and her sister, Miss Valentine] evince much fortitude, it has been a severe trial to them. Their Spirits is good, Ned cares but little about it poor fellow." The letter was not mailed before sailing, but was sent back on the next day by the pilot-boat; and in the meantime two post-scripts had been added, giving a brief account of the first day out: "Friday, June 23^d 1-2 p 3 P M Off the Horse Shoe. . . . Frances & Nancy rather qualmish Edgar & myself well. 1-2 p. 5 P.M. We are now abreast of the Light House & are off. F. and Nancy sick Ed & myself well."

The Allan family arrived at Liverpool late in July and went at once to Scotland, where they visited for several weeks among Mr. Allan's relatives. The first of October, however, found John Allan in London and busy with the affairs of his firm, a branch of which, under the firm name of Allan & Ellis, was now

established there. Here the family spent the next five years. They lived first at 47 Southampton Row, Russell Square, in a house owned by Mrs. Martha How, to whom they paid a monthly rental of £25. 4. For Mr. Allan was not at this time, as has often been held, a poor man, but could count his wealth by the tens of thousands: his firm made one sale of tobacco in 1815 on which there was a "proffit of between 17 & 18 thousand Dollars"; and on January 14, 1817, he wrote to Charles Ellis: "Our property" should now be "worth 140,000 Dollars." But reverses came after a year or two, so that the London branch was forced to suspend payments in the summer of 1819; and about the same time the Allans moved to another, and perhaps less expensive home, though still in Southampton Row,—the property of a Mr. Birch, as appears from a dunning epistle of that gentleman's of October 2, 1819. The firm's place of business was 18 Basinghall Street. Mr. Allan during these years went occasionally on business trips to Liverpool, Bristol, and Manchester; and once he took Mrs. Allan, who was an invalid, for an outing of several weeks at Cheltenham; once, also, they went to the Isle of Wight, Poe remaining in London the while. There is nothing to indicate, however, that either Mr. Allan or any of the rest of the family made a second visit to Scotland during these years—though it has been alleged that Poe spent several weeks there shortly before his return to Virginia; neither is there evidence to show that any member of the family ventured upon a continental tour, or so much as crossed the English Channel; there is, on the contrary, in the absence of all allusion to any such project, pretty conclusive evidence that nothing of the kind was attempted.

The letter-books of Allan & Ellis for these five years in London—1815 to 1820—contain frequent mention of the boy Poe. In most cases this mention is merely perfunctory: "Nancy Edgar and myself are all well," "Frances Nancy & Edgar enjoy excellent health," "Frances Nancy & Edgar beg to be kindly remembered to you." But other letters record details of larger interest: "Edgar thin as a razor" (August 31, 1816); "Edgar is growing and of course thin, and your Hble Servant as hard as a lightwood knot" (October 2, 1816); "Edgar is a fine Boy and

reads Latin pretty sharply" (June 22, 1818); "Edgar is growing wonderfully, & enjoys a good reputation and is both able & willing to receive instruction" (September 28, 1819); "Edgar is in the Country at school he is a very fine Boy & a good Scholar" (November 27, 1819).

The country school which Edgar attended was, as we know from his own testimony, that of Dr. Bransby at Stoke Newington, then four miles distant from London, though now a part of the city. It would appear from John Allan's letters that Poe did not lodge at the Reverend Bransby's establishment during the first year or two of his stay in England, but was only a day scholar; for Mr. Allan makes no reference to any absence from home before 1819, but invariably writes of Poe as though he lodged under the Allan roof. The following payments for Poe's schooling in London are recorded in the office-books of the London firm: "August 28, 1817—By John Allan, for Edgar's School $\frac{1}{2}$ £24. 16"; "July 24, 1818—pd. Bransby £16. 14. 3"; "Jan. 15, 1819—Fry and Bransby £69. 16. 11. 4"; "Feb. 1, 1820—To Stephenson & Co. paid Mr. Bransby £70. 9. 6"; "May 26, 1820—paid Bransby Edgar's Board & tuition £35. 4. 10."

Mr. and Mrs. Allan and Miss Valentine returned to America in the summer of 1820, reaching New York on July 21. Poe, I believe, returned with them, — though some doubt appears to be thrown on the matter by a letter received by Mr. Allan in the following year from a London friend, Dr. Arnott. In this letter—which is superscribed "Bedford Sq, 15 May 1821"—occurs the statement: "You know that I have Master Edgar still inhabiting one of my rooms. Your not asking for him with the other things [a piano was one of them] makes me hope that you do mean to come back again." The allusion is not, however, I take it, to Poe, but must be to some piece of property which Mr. Allan had left in England and which served somehow as a visible symbol of his foster-child—perhaps a portrait of him. A letter of June 9, 1820, makes it clear that Poe accompanied the Allans to Liverpool when they were leaving England; and a letter written by Charles Ellis from Richmond on August 10, 1820, mentions Poe as though he were in Richmond at that time

("Nancy and Edgar are very well"). There is, moreover, a significant entry on the daybook of Ellis & Allan for December 9, 1820, — a charge against John Allan for "1 Knife for Edgar. . . 12½." Mr. Allan was too shrewd a business man—or at least too shrewd in matters of small moment—to be forwarding a piece of cutlery to England.

Poe resumed his studies shortly after his return to Richmond, entering now the "English and Classical School" kept by Master Joseph H. Clarke. Five of the bills for his tuition at this academy are preserved among the Ellis-Allan papers. One of these reads as follows:—

Mr. John Allan Dr.

To present quarters tuition of Master Poe from	
June 11th to September 11th, 1822.....	\$12 50
1 Horace \$3.50 Cicero de Offi \$ 62½.....	4 12½
1 Copy book, paper, Pens & Ink.....	87½
Rec ^d pay ^t Jos. H. Clarke	\$17 50

The remaining bills cover the dates: June 11 to September 11, 1821; September 11 to December 11, 1821; September 11, 1821, to March 11, 1821 (the bill for the fall quarter having been allowed to go over); and September 11 to December 11, 1822. The fee for tuition is in each case twelve dollars and a half per quarter. Charge is made in two instances for fuel, and in one for quills.

At what time Poe left the academy of Master Clarke, does not appear from these papers. Nor do they show just when he entered the academy of Master William Burke, into whose hands he next fell, — though an entry in the cash-book of Ellis & Allan on January 26, 1824, charging Mr. Allan with ten dollars paid "Mr. Burk," makes it appear that he began his studies there not later than the winter of 1824. Another entry — this in a journal — proves that Poe was still at the academy in the spring and summer of 1824: "John Allan paid Mr. Burke for Edgar's tuition for 5 months from the 1st April last — \$30.00."

To this period also belong certain other brief entries on the office-books of Ellis & Allan, in which Poe's name occurs. Between June 3, 1821, and October 31, 1825, John Allan is charged in the cash-books eleven times with "postage for Edgar," in

amounts ranging from 18 cents to \$1.50. In the entry for June 3, 1821, appears the name of Poe's sister, Rosalie: "By John Allan paid ditto [postage] to Edgar & Rosaline Poe .37"; and, again, on August 31, 1822: "postage to Miss Poe .19." In the journal for January 11, 1825, is the memorandum: "John Allan paid Bradley & Co. $\frac{1}{2}$ for Edgar's clothes \$8.50." And on March 16, 1824, charge is made against John Allan for ten dollars "sent him by Edgar."

But the most important item belonging to this period is a letter of November 1, 1824, from John Allan to William Henry Poe, elder brother of the poet, a letter which indicates unmistakably Mr. Allan's attitude to Poe at this time. John Allan, though singularly callous and cold-blooded, had evidently felt, and had even displayed at times, a genuine admiration for his foster-child during the latter's infancy and early boyhood. But now that Poe was approaching manhood, and had perhaps already begun to assert something of the independence of spirit that so distinguished his later career, it appears that Mr. Allan has completely lost sympathy with him. Unluckily for Mr. Allan, he kept a copy of his letter, and it is this copy that has come down to us. It runs as follows:—

Richmond Novr 1, 1824.

Dear Henry

I have just seen your letter of the 25th ult. to Edgar and mamuch afflicted, that he has not written you. He has had little else to do for me he does nothing & seems quite miserable, sulky and illtempered to all the Family. How we have acted to produce this is beyond my conception why I have put up so long with his conduct is little less wonderful. The boy possesses not a spark of affection for us not a particle of gratitude for all my care and kindness towards him. I have given a much superior Education than ever I received myself. If Rosalie has to rely on any affection from him God in his mercy preserve her—I fear his associates have led him to adopt a line of thinking & acting very contrary to what he possessed when in England. I feel proudly the difference between your principles & his & hence my desire to stand as I ought to do in your estimation. Had I done my duty as faithfully to my God as I have to Edgar, then had Death come when he will had no

terrors for me, but I must end with this devout wish that God may yet bless him & you & that success may crown all your endeavors & between you your poor Sister Rosalie may not suffer. . . . Believe me dear Henry we take an affectionate interest in your destinies and our United Prayers will be that the God of Heaven will bless & protect you. Rely on him my Brave & excellent Boy who is willing & ready to save to the uttermost. May he keep you in Danger preserve you always is the prayer of your Friend & Servant.

John Allan.

Three other letters deal with Poe's life at the University of Virginia. All have to do with unpaid debts incurred by him, and hence do not display him in the very happiest light. We betray no confidence, however, in giving them to the public, since Poe himself made no secret of his irregularities at college; nor did he at any time conceal the fact that Mr. Allan refused to pay some of his debts.

The earliest of these letters is from a schoolmate of Poe's at the University:—

Dinwiddie County

March 25th 1827.

Dear Sir:

When I saw you in Richmond a few days ago I should have mentioned the difference between us if there had not been so many persons present. I must of course, as you did not mention it to me enquire of you if you ever intend to pay it. If you have not the money write me word that you have not, but do not be perfectly silent. I should be glad if you would write to me even as a friend. There can certainly be no harm in your avowing candidly that you have no money if you have none, but you can say when you can pay me if you cannot now. I heard when I was in Richmond that Mr. Allen would probably discharge all your debts. If mine was a gambling debt I should not think much of it. But under the present circumstances I think very strangely of it. Write to me upon the receipt of this letter and tell me candidly what is the matter.

Your friend,

Edward G. Crump.

This letter demonstrates that it was not alone Poe's debts of honor at the University that went unpaid. It serves the further purpose—and in this its chief value consists—of ex-

ploding the legend, industriously fostered by Poe himself, of a trip to Europe in the winter and spring of 1827. Professor Woodberry, as long ago as 1884, succeeded in proving that Poe was in Boston in May, 1827, and that on the 26th of that month he enlisted in the army of the United States, taking the name of "E. A. Perry"; and in his latest biography of the poet he has branded as apocryphal the story of a trans-Atlantic voyage just prior to this, giving it as his opinion that the time of the alleged voyage—"from some date in January to May 26"—was "insufficient for the events" said to have occurred. These included, according to Poe, a trip by vessel from Richmond to some English seaport, a journey to London and thence to Paris, where he endeavored to find employment of some sort, thence back to London, and so to the English coast, and thence over sea to Boston. But other scholars have held pertinaciously to the old view, and among them the most recent of Poe's biographers, Mr. J. H. Whitty, who insists that the time—estimated by him at four months—was ample for all that is said to have happened. But this letter makes it necessary to advance the hypothetical date of Poe's departure from January to the middle of March or later, thus reducing the probable time for the alleged voyage to about two months; and with this, of course, the whole story falls to the ground. The evidence that Poe left Richmond late in March derives additional support from a letter of John Allan's to a sister in Scotland, of March 27, 1827, in which Mr. Allan writes: "I'm thinking Edgar has gone to Sea to seek his fortunes."

The remaining letters belonging to Poe's University period are from George W. Spotswood, of Charlottesville, Va., pressing a claim against Mr. Allan for the services of a slave employed by Poe at the University. The first of these is as follows:—

Dear Sir,

My situation requires me again to request you will send the trifling sum I wrote for due by Mr. Poe—for servants hire—every young man who comes to the Institution has a servant—this of course is a sweeping change. Mr. Poe did not live with me but hired my servant the justice of this

small claim Sir I hope will cause you not to hesitate sending me a check for it directly the am't is \$6.25.

2d April 1827. Respectfully yrs,
Geo. W. Spotswood.

The second letter is similar in strain:—

1st May 1827

Dear Sir,

I presume when you sent Mr. Poe to the University of Virginia you felt yourself bound to pay all his necessary expenses — one is that each young man is expected to have a servant to attend his room Mr. Poe did not board with me but as I had hired a first rate Servant who cost me a high price — I consider him under greater obligations to pay me for the price of my Servant — I have written you two letters & have never recd an Answer to eather — I beg again Sir that you will send me the small amt due I am distressed for money — I am informed that you are Rich both in purse and Honour

Yrs respectfully
Geo. W. Spotswood.

There is preserved in the Ellis-Allan papers, also, a curious bill for haberdashery purchased by Poe while a student at the University. The bill was made with one Samuel Leitch, merchant of Charlottesville and at one time agent for Ellis & Allan in that city and vicinity. In his later life Poe dressed habitually, so his biographers tell us, in black or — occasionally, in summer — in white. In his college days, however, it would appear that he was not an unworthy disciple, in matters of dress, of Bulwer or of the younger Disraeli. The bill is dated "Dec. 4" (1826), and is countersigned "*a/c* Mr. E. A. Poe with Sam Leitch, Jr." —

Mr. Edgar Powe

In acct. with Samuel Leitch Jr. Dr.

To 3 yds. Super Blue Cloth	\$13.00	\$39 00
" 3 " Linin 3 s. 2 yds Cotton 1 s. 6.		2 00
" 2½ " Blk. Bombazette 3 s. Padding 3 s.		1 88
" Staying 3 s. 1 set Best Gilt Buttons 7 s. 6.		1 75
" 1 doz. Button moulds 9d 1 Cut Velvet Vest 30.s.			5 13
" ¾ yd. Black Cassinette 27 s.		3 38
" 1 " Staying 2 s. 16 Hank Silk 6d.		1 63
" 9 Hanks Thread 3c. 1 Spool Cotten 1 s.		44
" 1 Peace Tape 9d ½ doz. Buttons 6d		25
" 1 pr. Drab Pantaloons and Trimmings		13 00
			68 46

A year and a half later, on June 28, 1828, Leitch wrote to Ellis & Allan, ordering some hardware of them, and in a post-script inquired after the foregoing bill as follows: "Please let me know if Mr. Allen [has] done anything with my Account against Mr. Pow."

I have hunted diligently through these papers for the months of January and February, 1827, in the hope of turning up something that might throw light on Poe's alleged employment by Ellis & Allan at this time as accountant in their warehouse, but I can find there no handwriting that resembles Poe's autograph of later years. I have also looked for some letter or other document that might contribute towards clearing away our uncertainty with respect to Mr. Allan's relations with Poe after his departure from Richmond in March, 1827; but here, too, my search was fruitless. All letters bearing on the matter—if such there were—must have been extracted from the collection before it passed out of private hands—perhaps by friends of Poe who were jealous of his reputation, but more probably by friends of John Allan. For it is safe to assume that they must have proved more damaging to Mr. Allan than to his unhappy foster-child.

KILLIS CAMPBELL.

The University of Texas.

A COLONIAL SIDELIGHT

SECOND PAPER

In colonial Virginia, as in Maryland, the weekly gazette was one of the chief mediums of literary expression. *The Virginia Gazette*, established in 1736, continued to appear through the remainder of the colonial era, and in 1766 William Rind founded another weekly newspaper bearing the same title. Unfortunately, only scattered numbers of either issue have survived the ravages of time, but these musty fragments contain many poems that reflect the broad life of colonial Virginia. Like the contemporary poetry of Maryland the literary worth of these lines is only mediocre. Adhering to stilted, classical metrical forms, the Virginia poets preserved also the quaint rhymes of long ago. Their work lacks much of the clever trifling that lends an urban tone to the Poet's Corner of the *Maryland Gazette*, nor are there many lines of foreign manufacture. The tone is distinctly rural. Still, mingled with much sparkling satire, there is a broad, healthy view of life, which is redolent of the generous, whole-souled hospitality of colonial Virginia. The many heated religious and political controversies of the day are also reflected in these lines. From the vigorous thought and the many classical allusions, one concludes that the colonial Virginian was a well-read, as well as a broad and tolerant, philosopher. Constantly these poetical lines, published at Williamsburg, reflect the influence of the College of William and Mary.

The advertisements of the booksellers reveal the source of inspiration for many of the colonial poets. In the first half of the seventeenth century, religious works, such as Wollaston's and *Emmanuel*, or the *Son of God Incarnate*, show the heavy literary diet of the period. Yet Pope was popular, and Thomson's *Seasons* inspired many lovers of nature, while the works of Sir Isaac Newton satisfied a keen interest in science. For the everyday affairs of life the *Poor Planter's Physician*, the *Gentleman's Pocket Farrier*, and many spelling books were offered. After 1750 a greater catholicity in literary tastes was displayed. The large sales of *Pilgrim's Progress*, Taylor's *Holy*

Living and Holy Dying, and similar works, indicate the continued popularity of religious literature. The trend of colonial education is shown by numerous advertisements of grammars, spelling books, histories, and classical texts. Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, and Pope were great favorites, and the works of Montesquieu and Voltaire aroused many Virginians for the coming struggle with the mother country. The more frivolously minded found their literary recreation in the pages of *Gil Blas*, *Don Quixote*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and other popular romances of the period. In contrast to such light literature Dr. Johnson's *Dictionary* was in high favor, though one wit cleverly satirized its pedantic pages in lines that must have made the phlegmatic doctor fairly boil with rage, concluding:—

"O for a *turgid* bottle of Bell's Beer,
Mature for inhibition, and O for,
 (Dear object of *luation*) mutton pie."

The guide and mentor of the colonial planter was the *Virginia Almanac*. Besides much astronomical information, this compendium of useful knowledge always contained the names of all colonial officials, the genealogy of the royal family, and a varied list of other "useful matter." In the almanac for 1775 lists of delegates to the Continental Congress were also given. For the literary delectation of its readers, this edition contained: a Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield on the Economy of Human Life, Rules and Maxims for Matrimonial Happiness, an essay on An Entrance into a State of Trade, and several other "entertaining pieces," including poetry, numerous jests, and valuable receipts for various disorders.

To judge by their imitators, the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, and Pope must have had a wide influence. So numerous did the votaries of the Muse of poetry become that in January, 1772, S. Henley, Professor of Moral Philosophy in William and Mary College advertised a course of lectures on the elementary principles of poetry. Either the colonial poets were convinced of the sufficiency of their inborn genius or else the price of attendance, three pistoles, was too heavy for the proverbially lean poetical purse. The satirists continued to deride most cruelly the imagination of every "empty fellow void of

genius" who thought he was a poet. Such ironical attacks, however, had little effect in dampening the ardor of the would-be songsters whose labored lines continued to crowd the columns of the *Virginia Gazette*.

The poetic zeal of the colonial beaux found an outlet in sentimental lines, most of them mere trifling rhymes. With frequent allusions to Cupid and his wiles, the Virginia gallants wrote exaggerated descriptions of the "vermeil cheeks," the "ruby lips," and the other numerous charms of the colonial belles. Other lovers, avowing their eternal adoration, declared that imminent death awaited them if their pleadings were not heeded. Occasionally, fanciful touches relieve this insipid sentimentality, as in a definition of love:—

"A fond desire,
The height of human bliss t' aspire,
A soft disorder of the mind,
A pleasing pain for youth design'd."

All mankind fall a prey:—

"Pretty, ugly, lively, stupid,
All are prey to little Cupid."

Many of the love ditties were in the form of an acrostic in which the first letter of each line spelled the fair one's name. The rebus also was used, and in the later colonial period the numerous rebuses and their answers printed in the *Virginia Gazette* testify to the popularity of this form of intellectual amusement. Baskets of fruit and nosegays, as well as names of sweethearts, were hidden in these puzzling lines. An example will illustrate the usually rather stupid lines of this colonial prototype of the modern Sunday edition puzzle:—

"What virtue is't that most adorns the fair sex?
And say by what power the magnet affects?
What is it denotes a great man to be sage?
And tell me the opposite state to old age?
Whom is it we ought above all to admire?
The dress of a monarch in fullest attire?
A poet extoll'd for his sweetness in rhyme?
Another renown'd for expressions sublime?
The name of a queen which all England did boast?
The Bacchanal custom betwixt every toast?
Take each word's initial, you soon will explore
The name of the fair one I so much adore."

In the next *Gazette* the answer, "Mary Grymes," was given in an acrostic:—

"Modesty's a virtue that most adorns the fair sex ;
Attraction's the power by which the magnet affects.
Righteousness denotes a great man to be sage ;
Youth is the opposite state to old age.
God is whom we ought all to admire ;
Robes are the dress of a monarch in fullest attire.
Young is extoll'd for his sweetness in rhyme ;
Milton's renown'd for expressions sublime.
Elizabeth's the queen that old England did boast ;
Singing's the Bacchanal custom betwixt every toast."

Besides these rebuses, poetical paradoxes and mathematical puzzles were popular. In humorous lines one poet describes the effect of these puzzles upon the readers of the *Virginia Gazette*. A rebus having appeared, the master of the house swears and racks his brain to solve it, while his wife refuses to eat, "till she can the riddle explain." Much domestic strife ensues. The next day the wife is all smiles, for she has guessed the riddle. But her husband will not agree to her solution; in vain the overseer and the governess are called in. The husband, disgusted, returns to his plow, and madame vows, "quite full of vexation,"—

"A rebus she'll write,
And that out of spite,
To puzzle the best of the nation."

The worthy Virginians were also frequently delighted to find the current gossip in the *Virginia Gazette* in the form of cleverly concealed, anonymous lines. As revelations of the more human side of colonial life such lines are colored with a peculiar interest for even the present-day reader. A typical story, representing the healthy good-natured humor of colonial Virginia is the tale of "Two Hunters," two honest Virginians who went to hunt upon Mount Willis. One of them, sitting down to rest, began to meditate upon the mercies vouchsafed him by Heaven. Thinking aloud of his own transgressions, he finally declared:—

"Nay, well I deserve (speaking louder and louder)
This mountain should fall on and crush me to powder."

His friend, overhearing, rolled down a huge rock, which thundered close beside the unlucky dreamer, scattering dust and fragments around him.

"Up he jumped, stretched his eyes, like a cow in the mire,
Strove to speak, but alas, he came nothing nigher.
His mouth gaped as wide as the mouth of an oven.
John Childers declared from his ears it seemed cloven.
At length, with much effort, the far fragrant swain
Spit forth his tobacco, then chattered again,—
'Shall mortals, though joking, ne'er utter a word,
But what you must take it in earnest, Good Lord?'"

Fables were also occasionally used to point much similar stories, or to offer good advice to some erring Virginian. Most of them are merely time-worn stories copied from Æsop, and possess little interest.

An amusing poem that stirred the placid social life of the colonial capital is entitled "The Belles of Williamsburg," written by Dr. Jas. McClurg, later a member of the American Constitutional Convention. The author, with gentle irony, celebrates the charms of certain Williamsburg maidens—Myrtillo, Sylvia, Laura, Aspasia, Artemesia, and other fair belles. Posing as the champion of the many names not found in this "vernal throng," the gallant St. George Tucker wrote the "Sequel to the Belles of Williamsburg." Lacking the fine touch of his rival, he sings in most fulsome strains the praises of Leonella, Miranda, Brunetta, Florella, Belinda, and other maidens whose coy glances enthralled the callow youth of the old college town. Both these poems are representative of the light, gossipy lines that abound in the *Virginia Gazette*. The flutter that these verses, with their thin disguises, must have caused in feminine Williamsburg can well be imagined.

Numerous lines in the *Gazette* reflect the peaceful philosophy of life that was so characteristic of colonial Virginia. A calm, virtuous life, free from all brawls and worries, was the ideal. Timothy Forecast, of Forecast Hall, warns especially against "that dangerous creature," the talebearer, who is the "blackest of fiends." The "litigious bar," "sons of interest," and similar dangerous individuals must also be avoided. This love of a peaceful existence usually led to a rather epicurean philoso-

phy which preferred present enjoyment to the uncertainties of the future. The miser, the "feeble dotard, dim-eyed, scarcely able to move one limb," aroused the special ire of the prodigal Virginia planter. What does it avail, one poet asks, "with carking care" "to toil by day and wake by night"? Old age soon creeps on, so it is better to enjoy the blessings of life as they are bestowed. On the other hand, the presence of the long-headed thrifty Scotchman is shown by lines that rebuke such philosophy, and exhort all men to work and save.

Occasionally a dyspeptic pessimist sounds a discordant note. One individual of this type, probably some ill-tempered, dry pedagogue, ironically lauds the Sons of Ignorance who continually enjoy the favors of Fortune. "Always able, with a well turn'd grin, to baffle the arts of the dull sons of schools," they banish their wiser brothers to—

"Take their night tour,
With birds of Athens, at the midnight hour."

Other pessimists bewail the scanty returns of genius, and the attendant woes of poverty, for the Muses play in—

"A bleaky barren ground,
Where ripening fruits are never found."

With such conditions friendship quickly flees, for —

"A feeble light begets a feeble heat."

This fatalistic philosophy, which shows that even in cheery Virginia the worship of the Muses was not a remunerative occupation, is carried out in a number of allegories representing the emptiness of the baubles of earth. The opening lines of "The Hermit" are especially sympathetic:—

"At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When naught but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And naught but the nightingale's song in the grove,"—

the hermit voices his complaint of the emptiness of all earthly joys. But these pessimistic views found little place in the optimistic philosophy of colonial Virginia.

The influence of the classics pervades the poetry of the *Virginia Gazette*, and occasionally a daring poet essayed his skill in

dull Latin verses. Many translations and imitations are found, especially from Ovid, Seneca, and Anacreon. Horace was by far the favorite classical author of the colonial gentry. His cheerful philosophy and his love of a rural life struck a responsive chord, and a number of really excellent translations of his odes are found in the *Virginia Gazette*.

The rural pleasures, which Horace so delightfully describes, form the theme of a great mass of this colonial poetry. "The Wish" sums up the pleasures of a life amid the green fields and the hills. "Freed from dependence and the toils of trade," the author's dearest wish is to withdraw to the shade of some ancient oak near a "purling stream." In this sequestered retreat his favorite authors would beguile his hours. Outdoor pleasure would add a zest to this life. Cheering the dogs to the chase across the "dew spread lawn," he would "drink deep cooling draughts of lifeful air," returning with a keen zest to the joys of calm philosophy. A virtuous wife and a "brace of beauteous boys and girls" should grace this peaceful existence. Nor, amid his plenty, would he forget the needs of the poor.

"The Independent Farmer" gives an excellent picture of the material comforts that marked this rural life. Geese, turkeys, chickens, "gabbling ducks," and "glossy pigs" abound, while "stacks of hay" and "pyramids of corn" heighten the general air of prosperity. Piles of wood mock "winter's frown," and under the walnut tree the "kine wait to pour into the pail their milky store." In the garden are found the "fragrant bean," the "gaily blooming pea," and the "broad leav'd cabbage." The terrors of the farmer, the "prowling fox," the "hardy badger," the "corn-devouring partridge," the "rapacious kite," the "weazel sly," and moles, enter into this paradise. Sarcastically the rural philosopher concludes that none of these pests is to be compared with the human terrors that infest the towns. This satirical view of town life is frequently found in these colonial lines, one poet declaring that Pandora's box must verily have been opened in the towns. Other piquant lines slyly advise the Virginia ladies not to copy the artificial charms of the London fashions, but to rely upon their own natural beauty.

The type of old-fashioned, upright Virginian, who dwelt amid

such rural pleasures is pictured in most appreciative lines. Living upon his ancestral acres, this colonial worthy is content with the simple life. "No weight of poverty or wealth he feels," but "his useful years in useful arts did spend," "t'improve his judgment and instruct his friend." A recluse from the follies of courts and towns, he sees his sons strive to emulate his virtues and win his praise. Correcting their faults with utmost tact he shows them the true secret of a happy life:—

" Fair virtue choose, deluding vice despise,
Let the great God with rev'rence be adored.
Be art your sport and live in one accord.
To what each genius is by nature made,
Be that his art, his calling, or his trade."

The hospitality that was so characteristic of the simple rural life in colonial Virginia is epitomized in an inscription over the mantelpiece of a gentleman's dining room which was copied in the *Virginia Gazette*. Under the motto, *Vive la Liberté*, appeared the lines:—

" To my best my friends are free,
Free with that and free with me ;
Free to pass the harmless joke,
And the tube sedately smoke ;
Free to drink just what they please,
As at home, and at their ease ;
Free to speak, as free to think,
No informers with me drink.
Free to stay a night or so,
And when uneasy, free to go."

■ The rollicking masculine feasts around the flowing bowl, which so often marked this hospitality, are celebrated by numerous poets. "Sons of social mirth and glee" are bid to come where "lemon and sugar so happily meet." When the more conscientious souls, as a protest against such revels, secured the act against spirituous liquor in 1737, the votaries of Bacchus employed arguments strikingly similar to those employed to-day. They declared it an infringement upon personal liberty that "half a city" should be ruined, and "thousands innocent" be "led into despair," because "ten hunters died a year from drink." Occasionally, the revellers themselves expressed their penitence on the "morning after," as in lines that picture a

feast to which "Bacchus" had invited his friends. Time appearing in their midst, Bacchus attempts to hold him by the hair, but in vain:—

“Then we filled each with wine, instead of his sand,
And drank double toasts to the fair;
Each member in turn, with a glass in his hand.
Then parted, and went home—with care.”

In contrast to these lines, we find that the intense love of rural life was manifested in many poems of Nature. In their spontaneity and real appreciation some few of these poems may be classed with those of the romantic movement in the mother country, though they display less genius. The fragrance of the lilies in the field, the modest beauty of the violet, and the fresh glories of the new-born Spring appealed to the colonial poet. But this appreciation was too often mingled with hackneyed classic allusions, or much dull moralizing. Lines on Morning afford an example of the best of this type:—

**"The shadows fly before the breaking dawn,
And give to view the hills and dewy lawn.**

“The lucid drops reflect a mingled light,
And dissipate the paleness of the night.
Fair streaks of light the fair ether stain,
And shed bright flames o’er all the wide champaign.

“Touch'd by the kindly warmth the roses blow,
And liquid pearls amid their furnace glow.
The velvet lilies milder scents exhale,
And give their odors to the passing gale.

" Swift through the fields the peasant takes his way,
And, pleas'd, resumes the labor of the day.
The feather'd choir renew their artless lay,
Wing through the air, or warble on the spray."

The Nature touches are equally realistic in an ode on January:—

“On yond black cloud behold Aquarius stand,
Poising an ample urn in either hand.
The load he sways, then swiftly pours
In cataracts the deluge down.
The rough wind howls discordant with the showers,
And Nature fits each feature to a frown.

"The dripping poultry seek the closest sheds,
 The pensive warblers droop their little heads;
 Nor without cause. No gilding ray
 Breaks through the soggy veil of air.
 But all is picturesque of blank dismay,
 Engendering spirits of extreme despair.

"Lo; fly the clouds; the sun renews her ray;
 Aquarius adds a lustre to the day;
 To globes of ice each freezing urn
 Transforms. The crown which late he wore,
 Surcharg'd with wet, condenses in its turn,
 And looks a substance of self-polished ore."

The healthy tone of life shown by such appreciation of Nature colored numerous lines on womanhood. Like his English forefather the Virginia planter was exceedingly gallant. Yet he considered himself as lord and master, and his ideal woman was an obedient wife and careful mother. Rejecting in turn the "belle of the city" with "flattery blind," the "Sappho, devoted to writing and snuff," the "lady of fashion," and the "dull sleepy soul," one writer represents the general attitude in asserting that he will wed the girl who has beauty sufficient to please, tender affection, and common sense. The ideal course of such a good woman's life is well drawn in an allegory of the Seasons. First Chloe appears in the springtime of youth, a bright smiling girl with a host of lovers. Then comes the "bliss of summer," the "prudent mother and the wife." Later, dispersing her sage counsel to her friends, she reaps the "richest fruits of autumn." Though her charms are now faded, she still gains well-earned praise, and does not fear the "frosts of winter." The colonial satirists were equally ready to chide as well as to admire, and the fair sex was facetiously advised not to aspire too high:—

"For wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
 Too strong for feeble woman to sustain."

A few poetic notes of revolt against the position commonly accorded women are found in the *Virginia Gazette*. The "Lady's Complaint" declaims against the injustice which allows man free license, while women are limited, and blamed if they

yield to temptation. Another lady pleads that, if men would not their "free-born minds enslave," women would claim no other boon, and conjugal love would become ideal. But such hints of the modern suffragette were far from the minds of the greater part of the colonial women, who preferred the good old-fashioned rôle of wife and mother.

In spite of the generally healthy ideals of womanhood, a number of satirists deride the married state, and especially the motives of courtship. One poet, perhaps some dyspeptic old bachelor, expressed his cynical views of marriage in odd, but rather clever form:—

For

"Thrice happy, happy lives
They lead who marry wives
What tongue can utter forth
Their merits, praise, and worth
Adam no pleasure try'd
'Til Eve came from his side
Their outsides and within
Are all free from sin
Fraud and hypocrisy
They banish utterly
To benefit mankind
They always are inclined
De'el take him o'er and o'er
Who does not them adore

Against

Who are from wedlock free.
What irksome days will see.
The faith which in wives dwell,
Scarce fill a small nut-shell.
When woman was created,
Man's bliss was consummated.
Than devils they are worse,
Who e'er shall female curse.
Their chief endowments be,
Truth and sincerity.
They never bend their will,
To anything that's ill.
Who e'er shall female prize,
Believe me, he is wise."

But such cynicism, expressed in the peculiar satirical style so common to the times was not allowed to go unpunished. The deceitfulness of mankind, also, was proclaimed in numerous lines. Lucretia, from her chamber near the college of William and Mary, sends a stern warning "for the benefit of several of your female readers." Doubtless after stealthy observations, from her maidenly refuge, of many an innocent college flirtation, she warns all maidens to beware of "the softly sighing dangerous tribe," who "like the fabled wolf" are ever ready to betray.

But cynical views of matrimony were by no means universal. In a number of Epithalmiums there is a most wholesome view of the married life. The best wishes they can offer the Virginia belle is a happy home filled with "prattling children." Stilted in style and abounding in classic allusions, they possess little

literary merit. Two of them, published in March, 1768, and March, 1769, respectively, celebrate the union of an Englishman and a daughter of Virginia, illustrating the close bonds that existed between the Old Dominion and the mother country.

The cheerful optimism that was so characteristic of colonial Virginia is noticeably lacking in the religious poetry. The influence of Milton may easily be traced in the gloomy Puritanical theology of even this Anglican colony. To the average theological poet of colonial Virginia, life was a continuously difficult path, full of pitfalls, along which one stumbled with a deeply contrite heart, urged on by hopes of a glorified future existence. The impenitent sinner who died "of vice admirer and to virtue blind" was doomed by this harsh theology to a perpetual hell. "Gripping misers," "sons of honor fed on fame," "learned sires," and youths must pin their faith to the "tree of life eternal" where alone grew leaves that would never fade. These melancholy views are accentuated in a number of odes, imitating Milton's "Ode on the Nativity," which commemorate the church festivals. Even the joys of Christmastide failed to awaken a responsive echo in the dull parson. Indulging in long recriminations against the vain revelry of the world, he would withdraw to morbid contemplation of "what David's son has done." A few poems of a deeply spiritual nature lighten this prevailing religious gloom. These more cheerful poets laud the power of faith to calm the "rushing blasts" that "impetuous, sweep the sea of life." Hope is the anchor which, "though wrecked," will make us dare again the "stormy main" of life.

The melancholy tinge of theology was probably one of the chief causes of a widespread indifference toward the Established Church. This attitude, which occasionally assumed the form of open hostility, as in the "Parson's Cause," was expressed in many poetical lines and long, windy prose articles. One wag facetiously used the prorogation of Convocation to the day of an eclipse in order to contrast the laity's view with that of the clergy, as to the Church and its privileges. The lay representative remarks that the eclipse is an ominous joke, and that, "Your new Grace may meet an invisible Church." The clergy-

man, however, ignoring the subtle pun, unconsciously reveals the very attitude which his opponent wishes to emphasize. The moon, he asserts, can never make it night, for,—

“The church by her charter (Deists, Arians, pray note all)
Is secure as the sun from eclipse that is total.”

Another poet, in much the same spirit, assails the custom of sending clergymen from England to fill livings in Virginia. Satirizing the utter unfitness and mercenary designs of many of these parsons, he voices the colonial indignation at such treatment. The satire is cleverly pointed. If such a person, the author slyly insinuates, has received “tenets and doctrines quite new,” and a system of liturgy all his own,—

“He turns to the west, with a gracious design,
In that land of darkness to make his life shine.”

Frequent touches show a general revolt toward a more spiritual form of religion which would be free, especially, of official favor and all its attendant ills. The *Virginia Gazette* gave full accounts of Whitefield's meetings during his tour through the colonies, and printed a number of poems in praise of the great preacher. The evidences of a longing for a deeper spirituality continued in the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is voiced especially by one poet who prefers the spiritual preacher who with a “true Christian grace,” “fires at our vices, and the shot takes place,” to the one whose mere harangues on morality are “powder without ball.” Such lines explain the great success of the Methodists in the colony. Yet the aristocratic churchman did not fail to express in satirical lines his contempt for the ministers of the new sect:—

“The bricklayer throws his trowel by,
And now builds mansions in the sky.
The baker, now a preacher grown,
Finds man lives not by bread alone,
And now his customers he feeds
With prayers, with sermons, groans, and creeds.
The Waterman forgets his wherry,
And opens a celestial ferry.”

The colonial prejudice against the Catholic and the Jew is also reflected in the *Virginia Gazette*, while the Quakers, too,

received their share of Anglican scorn. The petition of the Quakers in 1738 to be released from the clergy tax, "for tender conscience sake," provoked most bitterly sarcastic lines. Deceit, malice, "cheat seed," the "grapes from the suburbs of Sodom," and the "spice of ignorance" were among the ingredients considered essential to make a good Quaker. Such lines show that, despite many little weaknesses, the Established Church was able to hold its own against the dissenting congregations.

That, indeed, the Anglican Church fostered a really spiritual faith in the future life is shown in the numerous elegies that appeared in the *Gazette*. Occasionally they contain really good lines with a sincere depth of feeling, and invariably they point to the glories of the future existence as a balm to the grief of the survivors. But their fulsome praise of the departed often produces a comic effect, or there will be grotesque lines strikingly similar to the ones "by the mourning family" that appear in modern obituaries, as:—

"She's gone, she's gone —
Just in her youthful prime,
Well, sick, and breathless; all in one day's time."

One little elegy, which escapes this comic sentimentality, is notable for its delicacy of poetic touch, but is somewhat frigid in mood and lame in metre. :—

"Time, in pity to my woes,
Swiftly thro' the zodiac flies.
All, with him, to Lethe goes,
But my grief his pow'r defies.

"Quick he bears me from the scene,
Where my charmer ceas'd to be;
Years of sorrow roll between.
What are years to grief and me?

"Cease, O memory, cease thy flight,
Clog no more the wings of time,
Nor to coming age unite
The dire tortures of my prime."

Among the best and most interesting of the elegies are the ones in appreciation of colonial notables. Especially sincere are the lines on the death of Sir John Randolph in 1737. With many classical allusions, the "wretched seminary" and the "or-

phan city" join in the general lament. The speechless chair, also, silently bemoans "th' august Assembly's speaker." Yet there remains a sweet remembrance of the eloquent tongue, the pleasant temper, and the courteous mind "to the distressed compassionate and kind." There is also a sincere tribute to the upright statesman who struggled against "injustice, fraud, deceit." Another ardent patriot, in stormier days, was lamented in 1773 in the lines on Severn Eyre. An acrostic in memory of the celebrated Evelyn Byrd, who died in 1737, is interesting, while a heartfelt elegy commemorates Clementina Rind, who, after her husband's death, conducted the *Virginia Gazette*. The tribute to her womanly virtues, as well as to her intellectual gifts, is most sincerely expressed. A touching elegy on a servant affords a glimpse of the usual patriarchal relation between the master of a plantation and his dependents.

A number of epitaphs, most of them with a quaint humor to the modern ear, are printed in the *Virginia Gazette*. One of the best characterizes many a colonial ne'er-do-well. An ostler, a butler, a singing boy, a pirate, a fiddler, a schoolmaster, the clerk of Jefferson's church in Chesterfield, the subject of the epitaph, Thomas Banks, alias Williams, ended his life, we are told, an honest man. The lines of the epitaph are, therefore, specially appropriate:—

"Here lies a wight, whose heart was good,
Whose soul, ambitious, wish'd to fly
Beyond the bounds prescrib'd by fate.
In him 'twas prudence, sure, to die.
He sweet contentment never knew,
And always sigh'd to change the scene,
The scene, when chang'd, insipid grew,
He hated rest, and action too,
And only dy'd — to live again."

The real depths of mind shown by the elegies was revealed still more strongly in the attitude toward the mother country. Essentially conservative and loyal, the Virginian preferred to be at peace, but he was quick to resent any infringement of the rights he had inherited from his British ancestors. This spirit, which showed itself early in the history of the colony, is well expressed in "Bacon's Epitaph" by his men, printed in *Force's Tracts*.

The tribute to the dead leader is most sincere, but still more striking are the touches that show the depth of the feeling against Governor Berkeley's arbitrary rule. Only the bitter hatred of his enemies, the lines declare, can style Bacon a traitor:—

"They in their guilt, he in the name must bleed,
While none shall dare his obsequies to sing
In deserv'd measures ; until time shall bring
Truth crown'd with freedom and from danger free,
To sound his praises to posterity."

When the grievances that had provoked Bacon's Rebellion were adjusted, the innate loyalty of colonial Virginia reasserted itself. Representing this general attitude, the poet greeted the liberal-minded Governor Gooch in 1736 in lines which boast of the peaceful prosperity of the colony, and of the greatness of the British sovereigns. Gradually a note of discord crept into these loyal lines. The old love of Britain remained, but it was tempered with a greater devotion to Virginia and her interests. Many poets voiced their fear lest the mother country crush out the rights of the colony. Even the lines that welcomed Lord Botetourt in 1768 reflected this alarm, though they express the general hope that he comes bearing the olive branch of peace. The latent spirit beneath these still loyal lines is shown in the mottoes of the two *Virginia Gazettes*. The more conservative sheet of Purdie and Dixon, representing official Virginia, retained its time-honored motto, "*Civitate libera linguam mentemque liberas esse debere*. The opposition gazette, founded by William Rind under the patronage of the patriotic party, openly proclaimed its freedom from all official control by the suggestive motto, "Open to all parties, but influenced by none."

The Stamp Act was marked by an outburst of patriotic lines in both gazettes. Most significant of this popular sentiment was a rather clever allegorical satire, in imitation of Cato's Soliloquy, upon the contemporary disturbances in Massachusetts. Yet a strongly loyalist population in Virginia still hoped for a reconciliation. While recounting such evils as the destruction of "our charters, commerce, laws, and arts," the poet called upon the "unnatural parent," the mother country, to relent before it became too late. Even amid the felicitous phrases that wel-

comed Lady Dunmore in 1774 the wish was openly expressed that her husband might enjoy a most prosperous administration by uniting all patriots. But these loyal hopes gradually declined. The patriotic poets became bolder, intimating that, if the mother country refused to heed the present discontent, the sons of America would march to war. Answering a Tory author, one poet despairingly inquired what further peaceable means were possible, since remonstrances, petitions, and addresses had all been in vain. In a very practical fashion he scouts "ridiculous fasting and prayer" as a remedy; other lines show still more pointedly that the colonial Virginian had no intention of accepting the doctrine of passive obedience.

The patriotic spirit crept even into the light persiflage of the colonial gallants. The fair sex received admonitions to throw aside their brocades and to dress in simple country homespun. Also, they should choose no man who wears "London factory," but rather the one who dresses in "our own manufactory." Above all, they are to throw aside all their tea. This appeal did not fall upon deaf ears, for many lines recount the sacrifices of feminine patriots. One lady sadly bade adieu to her tea table with its gaudy equipage of cups and saucers, cream bucket and sugar tongs, and the tea chest, "lately stor'd with Hynson, Congo, and best double fine." No more will she sit beside it,—

"Hearing the girls prattle, the old maids talk scandal."

Another fair Virginian steels her heart against the allurements of a new set of tea china with its gaudy dress "(soldier like) of gold and blue."

One of the principal sources of the patriotic Virginian's inspiration is revealed in a number of lines that disclose an intense pride in Virginia herself. With a poetic sweep of vision, the author of "The Contest" notes the prosperity of Norfolk. Yet this very pride in a Virginia town arouses the most intense patriotism. The varied scenes of industry, the "ships wrought from sturdy oaks," tanning works, rope factories, and "groves of masts" inspire the hope that "rigid laws" may "no more thy trade oppress." The lines also picture the site of Yorktown, which stands,—

"Far to the east, where lofty cliffs ascend,
From whence York's gentle tide, slow gliding on,
An even course, in ample prospect lies."

Turning to "Back River's fertile plains," the lines sketch the variety of rural scenery. Houses, groves, corn and "wheaten fields," "files of trees with fruitage hung," flocks and herds appear in the landscape, while nearby stands Southampton, famed for its oysters, "delicious food which kings might deign to eat." The same intense love of the native heath is expressed in an elegy on the men who fell in Lord Dunmore's campaign. Looking into the future, the poet points to the time when the tawny warrior will cease to haunt the forests of Augusta, and the "vales in peace shall teem with corn." With the same sturdy patriotism, other poets prophesy the future glories of America, after the struggle with Great Britain is over. Peace and plenty will reign, the commerce of America shall reach to far distant shores, and a subject world shall testify to her prowess.

Many patriotic songs appeared in both gazettes just prior to the Revolution. Few are more than mere rhyming ditties, but through them all there runs a bold spirit of liberty. It is interesting to note that the chorus of one of them reflects the ringing words of Patrick Henry, "Give me liberty or give me death." Another, the "Roast Beef of Old England," contains especially good local satirical touches. When good Queen Elizabeth sat on the throne, the poet declares, and men ate roast beef instead of "coffee, tea, and such slip slops,"—

"Our lawyers were virtuous, ne'er fought for applause,
By confounding with purport and tenor the laws,
Nor framing of bills against liberty's cause.

"Our bishops were zealous, religion their care,
And honestly spoke, when in Senate they were,
That no traitor dare offer a popish bill there.

"With beef and their charters, how happy and free,
Their sons, if they've charters, must live upon tea,
And cringe to a venal majority."

The sturdy fighting qualities of colonial Virginia often found an outlet in wellnigh endless controversies. One of the most acrimonious of these battles of ink, waged through the medium

of the *Virginia Gazette*, arose over the murder of Mr. Rutledge by Colonel Chiswell in 1766. Finally, forgetting the real cause of the strife, the opposing forces indulged in satirical personalities in imitation of Pope. Under such assumed names as From the East, Philanter, Metriotes, Dikephelos, Curtius, Manners, and The Planter, the doughty antagonists let loose the flood of invectives that usually distinguished these controversies so dear to the colonial heart. Some wrote in prose, others in verse, but whatever form was chosen, their compositions preserved the same dull, heavy diction. The monotony of this contest was relieved by an incident which illustrated the keen sense of humor and the real wit of colonial Virginia. Landon Carter, who wrote under the *nom de plume* of Buckskin, completely worsted his antagonists by a well-turned pun. To add to their discomfiture he published a clever little story in defence of punning, probably with sarcastic personal allusion. A grave professor and a wag, he tells us, while riding out from Williamsburg one day, stopped at a house where the wag was well acquainted, but the professor,—

" was pain'd
To set his timid foot on ground,
On which he newly heard it sound."

When they were seated, the wag, who had forgotten to introduce his friend, was asked,—

" By the good lady, not inclining
To give offence, much less designing ;
Is this the tailor from the town,
You talk'd long since of bringing down ?"

On their way home the wag "keeps Mathematics in a fret" by recounting this good story to all whom they meet, how Madame Nokes,—

" Whose eyes have not begun to fail her,
Took the professor for a tailor.
Aught see you in his air or motion,
To countenance so wild a notion ?"

Finally they meet a mutual crony ;—

" A wight of sly facetious kind,
With one legged body, two legged mind."

But when the wag repeats his story, this friend, dubbed with a clever touch Unipes, replies, "it was no wonder,"—

"For this, our learned friend, 'tis clear,
A very tailor must appear,
To the good lady of the house,
When she beheld him with his goose."

To foes of punning the author presents the moral:—

"A sword is but th' assassin's bit,
Which ill supplies the lack of wit."

Despite this cleverly told story, the battle of wits continued to rage. Curtius, in a key to the *Virginia Gazette* for MDCCLXVI, pays his tribute to the controversialists who had thronged its pages. Bland, Nicholas, Sledge-Hammer, Buckskin, "just Eyre," and Constitution's Friend, were among the victims of this colonial Dunciad inspired by the Muse of Chellowe.

The many controversies in which the professors of William and Mary delighted were especially acrimonious. These sarcastically clever compositions show that the learned pedagogues lacked neither wit nor spirit. Especially good are the lines with which one satirist vented his rage against "a certain notorious counterfeiter in Wit and Humor" who dared intrude among these wise professors:—

"Sometimes the man who bears the birch,
And wields the wail-exciting thong,
Deserves to taste forever switch,
And howl in more explosive song.
Sometimes the fag end of the school,
Who teaches boys declensions, quits,—
What he should con—each grammar rule,
T' intrude among the college wits."

Many political controversies are found in the *Virginia Gazette*, especially after 1766. Full of the usual satire and personal abuse, they present in much less attractive form practically the same ideas as the patriotic poetry. A Customer started a controversy in 1774, which is interesting, chiefly, for its revelation of the ill feeling between the lower and the upper classes, which underlay much of the opposition to the Established Church. The animus of the author is directed toward a vestry

meeting, which failed to fill a vacancy because a certain gentleman was expected soon to move into the parish. This attack was quickly answered by An Enemy to Nonsense, who very pointedly represented the aristocratic standpoint in denouncing this "vulgar upstart of a vulgar race" who "dares set foot among his betters." He insinuates that A Customer's anger had been aroused because he himself had not been chosen for the vacant place. In answer A Customer flays his opponent:—

"What could possess you, effeminate Ben,
To quit the tea cup and take up your pen?
Was it to tell thy vast immense estate,
Or show the thickness of thy hollow pate?
First pay thy debts, and you'll easily see
Who is the man of worth, sir, you or me."

A Lover of Truth also entered the fray in order to down so presumptuous a fellow as A Customer:—

"Sprung from a cottage, hadst thou there remain'd,
And rural fare by wholesome labor gain'd,"—

his days would have passed in peace.

"But fate, perverse, hath brought thee to the bar,
Where sense should shine, but from it thou art far.
To mend thy fortune, and improve the breed,
Some wealthy fair one thou'rt resolv'd to wed."

With a parting slap, the Lover of Truth assures him that all the girls spurn him,—

"And say, thy head's as empty as thy purse of pence.
Let the world talk (for scandal's never mute)
E'en a shoe-boy courts before he gets a wife."

Such bitter personal scorn well represents the aristocratic spirit which would down the man who had risen from the masses, and which Jefferson fought with such fervor.

The satirical lines of the controversialists complete the panorama of life unfolded in the poetry of the *Virginia Gazette*. Through this medium, the twentieth century reader catches delightful glimpses of the everyday views and the characteristics of colonial life in the Old Dominion. The picture is essentially one of a cultivated people who preferred a restful, dignified existence amid rural surroundings, rather than the distractions

incident to town life. Their poetry continually reflects the high-minded patriotism, the honor, the sincerity, and the witty intellectuality for which the Virginian has always been famed. Indeed, despite its lack of great literary merit, the poetry of the *Virginia Gazette* possesses an enduring value. As an unconscious revelation of daily life, it forms a most important source for one who would seek, by analyzing the characteristics of the people themselves, to explain the deeds of the past.

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OUR HERITAGE OF IDEALISM *

I need hardly remind you that we are living at a time when the inner characteristics of nations are being studied as never before. And the new century will witness a still wider spread of this tendency. It is an effort to interpret nations not in terms of wealth or population but in terms of national character and national idealism. When Poe wrote,—

To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome,—

he not only discriminated two nations one from the other but he interpreted them in terms of national aspiration and national achievement. When Emerson said,—

And ever in the strife of your own thoughts
Obey the nobler impulse; that is Rome,—

he set a model for the historians whose chief delight is in statistics. When Tennyson described England as —

A land of settled government,
A land of old and just renown,
Where freedom slowly broadens down
From precedent to precedent,—

he summed up in a stanza the essential characteristic of English history and English institutions through fifteen centuries of evolution.

America, it is needless to say, has been variously interpreted. A foreign visitor once declared that the most characteristic thing about the American is that, when he eats soup, he moves the spoon from him instead of toward him. Another discovered that the amount of gold in the American's teeth was a national characteristic. American men, he added, often marry American girls whose only dowry is the gold thus stored up. These appraisals belong, of course, to the irrelevant stage of interpretation. Goethe, with his usual cosmic insight, ventured an interpretation that at least puts one to thinking. "America," said he, "thou art better off than our old continent. Thou hast no fallen

* An address delivered before the University of South Carolina on Founders' Day, January 11, 1912.

castles and no eruptive basalts. Thou dost not disturb thy spirit in this busy age with useless thoughts of bygone days or with unavailing strife." Goethe died, however, just as the real testing period for American institutions was coming on. The basalt had hardly begun to show itself in 1832. Recently, however, a foreign critic, Gobineau, found himself forced to the conclusion that "America is likely to be not the cradle of a new but the grave of an old race." This is a startling forecast. Is it well founded?

THE NATURE OF IDEALISM

Whether it be well founded or not depends solely on the answer to the question, Are we a nation with ideals? Have we vision? All nations, living and dead, are witnesses to the truth of the saying: "Where there is no vision, the people perish." An ideal, however, whether cherished by an individual or a nation, is not mere intention or hope. These are gateways but not passage-ways. There must be will-power back of each. There must be movement, a goal-ward movement, insistent and incessant. The good intentions that are popularly supposed to be used as paving material in a certain place would never have fallen so low if "I will" had been substituted for "I intend" or "I hope." Neither intention nor hope is in its nature self-realizing. They are aeroplanes without motor-power. The man who sits and sings "When my ship comes home," may have a hope but he is not likely to have anything else. Before the eagle had wings, there was through the long years the determination not to grovel but to soar. His will had wings before his body, wings being nature's just and inevitable answer to the ceaseless longing for power and opportunity. Idealism, in other words, is not Micawberism.

The second requisite of a worthy ideal is unattainableness.

"I wonder if ever a song was sung,
But the singer's heart sang sweeter!
I wonder if ever a hymn was rung,
But the thought surpassed the meter!
I wonder if ever a sculptor wrought
Till the cold stone echoed his ardent thought!
Or if ever a painter, with light and shade,
The dream of his inmost heart portrayed!"

To this question so humanly put we may return a confident No. Had Moses overtaken the pillar of cloud by day or the pillar of fire by night, history would have been put back. This phase of idealism finds its poet-laureate in Robert Browning. He has portrayed two characters who with singular forcefulness illustrate the hopeless inefficiency of those who catch up with their ideals. One is Andrea del Sarto, "the faultless painter." His fault lay in his faultlessness, and he knew it. Out of the depths of an irremediable despair he cries,—

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or what's a heaven for?

The other character who serves as the exponent of the overtaken ideal is the risen Lazarus. This man had done more than stand tiptoe upon the misty mountain-top of life—he had seen behind. He had for a brief season exchanged the mortal for the immortal, the relative for the absolute, the part for the whole, time for eternity. He returned to earth "blasted by excess of light." The "undreamed of rapture," the knowledge,—

Increased beyond the fleshly faculty,
Heaven opened to a soul while yet on earth,—

had rendered him listless, witless, silent, inefficient. The spur of half-knowledge, the doubt that is the prelude to faith, the mystery that bids "nor sit nor stand but go,"—these energized him no more. Life was now but a dull and stupid thing thrusting itself between him and the assured goal.

Such is the nature of the ideal whether it guide one or many. There must be the blend of effort and unattainableness, the persistent reaching out on the one hand, the steady recession or enlargement of the goal on the other. To answer the question, therefore, whether America or any other nation be an idealistic nation in the large sense, the quest must not be unduly circumscribed. It must not confine itself to the present or to the past. It must include both. We must consider, in other words, the stock from which we come, the environment that has surrounded us, and the more characteristic national achievements by which and through which the resultant of stock and environment has made itself manifest.

IDEALISM IN THE AMERICAN STOCK

The colonists and early settlers of America were chiefly of English stock, a stock known the world over for its sturdy, practical idealism. The dominant ideal of the English people has always been a certain rugged individualism. They do for themselves what the State does for its subjects in other lands. This trait is, of course, more distinctively Germanic than English. Mr. Bryce, however, our wisest critic, concedes that the Americans are more idealistic than the English or even than the French. The Americans, he says, are an impressionable people. "It is not their intellect, however," he continues, "that is impressionable, but their imagination and emotions, which respond in unexpected ways to appeals made on behalf of a cause which seems to have about it something noble or pathetic. They are capable of an ideality surpassing that of Englishmen or Frenchmen."

The chief reason for this balance in our favor, so far as original stock is concerned, is to be sought not in the increasing compositeness of the American people but in a fact comparatively ignored by historians. Our early settlers were, in a word, more English than the English. After the Norman Conquest England became a land of mixed bloods, of mixed institutions, of mixed ideals. The original English or Germanic stock stood distinctively for individualism, whereas the Norman invader stood for institutionalism. Now it is a well-known fact that America was settled by men and women whose very names proclaim their purely Germanic or Anglo-Saxon origin and who preserved the old traditions of self-reliance and independence. They had not been Normanized.

Mr. H. Perry Robinson, an Englishman and the writer who has most clearly outlined this fundamental difference,² declares that "There is no people more responsive to high ideals than the American," because, as he adds, the American had "no Norman encumbrances." The Norman gave to English civilization the laws of primogeniture and entail as well as the principle

² See *The Twentieth Century American* (1908).

of hereditary aristocracy. The original Germanic element gave Magna Charta, Cromwell, the Puritan ideal, the spirit of non-conformity, the limitations upon aristocracy, as well as the greater share of England's industrial greatness. The American proceeded at once to throw off the Norman impositions and to develop in unexampled ways the original Germanic contributions. It is to me a suggestive thought that the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States are in essence the re-emergence of the Saxon passion for individualism that had suffered seeming overthrow at the Battle of Hastings. We, in a word, are the citizen-subjects of Saxon Harold rather than the vassals of Norman William. In our Revolutionary War the Battle of Hastings was fought over again and native individualism won out over enforced institutionalism. Idealism proved stronger than imperialism.

IDEALISM IN THE AMERICAN ENVIRONMENT

Our forefathers found themselves in a vastly different environment from that which they had left. But the new environment was better fitted than the old to bring out the latent reserves of the Anglo-Saxon spirit, especially its heritage of idealism. The most significant factor in the new life was the presence of a frontier.

"The frontier," says Professor F. J. Turner, who has almost preëmpted the subject by his masterly paper on *The Frontier in American History*, "is productive of individualism. Complex society is precipitated by the wilderness into a kind of primitive organization based on the family. . . . The result is that to the frontier the American intellect owes its striking characteristics. That coarseness and strength combined with acuteness and inquisitiveness; that practical, inventive turn of mind, quick to find expedients; that masterful grasp of material things, lacking in the artistic, but powerful to effect great ends; that restless, nervous energy; that dominant individualism, working for good and evil, and, withal, that buoyancy and exuberance which come with freedom,—these are traits of the frontier, or traits called out elsewhere because of the existence of the frontier. . . . What the Mediterranean Sea was to the Greeks, breaking the

bond of custom, offering new experiences, calling out new institutions and activities, that, and more, the ever-retreating frontier has been to the United States."

But more than this may be said. What the fact of the frontier has been to our history, the consciousness of the frontier has been to our literature. James Fenimore Cooper stood upon the physical, territorial frontier and sketched an advancing and a receding civilization. What Cooper did for the State of New York, Mark Twain did for the Middle West, and Bret Harte for the extreme West. Joel Chandler Harris did for the negro what Cooper did for the Indian: as Chingachgook was the last of the Mohicans, so Uncle Remus may be considered the last of the old-time Southern negroes. In William Cullen Bryant's verse we see the frontier of the growing city impinging upon the quietude and freedom of the forest. Hawthorne stood upon the frontier of an evanishing Puritanism and portrayed in allegory its struggle with a more liberal creed and a more humane practice. Poe stood not so much on a frontier as on a precipice. The very vigor and exuberance of the life about him suggested to his imagination, by the law of inverse analogy, the imminence of ruin and decay. He is our only autumnal genius. He did not look backward to summer with its life but forward to winter and death. Emerson and the other transcendentalists stood upon a more purely spiritual frontier, a frontier that separated or rather united the seen and the unseen, the known and the unknown, the actual and the possible. "America means opportunity," said Emerson—opportunity not to acquire material things but to bridge the chasm between the material and the spiritual. From this consciousness of a frontier have sprung the most essential characteristics of American literature—not only its idealism but its optimism, its sanity, its humor, its vision of something better yet to be.

CHARACTERISTIC ACHIEVEMENTS

With an origin and environment that favored idealism, what have the American people done to make good their heritage? Ex-President Eliot has said that the five contributions to civilization that the American people have made are peace-keeping,

religious toleration, development of manhood suffrage, the welcoming of new-comers, and the diffusion of physical well-being. Some of these are plainly by-products rather than principal products of American activity. The five do not seem to me to make clear the main channels in which the American spirit has flowed. Outsiders are usually the best judges of these things, and the Europeans undoubtedly estimate our idealism or lack of idealism as it manifests itself in our system of government, in our public school system, and in our literature.

IDEALISM IN AMERICAN GOVERNMENT

Though American politics may seem to the casual observer nothing more than a riot of cross-purposes, there are beneath the surface two fixed and unchallenged principles. Indeed they are more than principles. They are with us ideals, or principles touched with enthusiasm. The first of these is the principle of representative government. It was the absence of this principle more than any other cause that brought about the downfall of Greece and Rome as political powers. The Græco-Roman city was compact. Its assemblies, therefore, were primary not representative.³

The representative principle is purely Germanic, and finds its explanation in the simple fact that the English shire, our county, covered more territory than the Greek and Roman political unit, the city. Long before the Norman Conquest the English county meeting had become thoroughly representative. Had there been railroads or even macadamized roads in England at this time, representative government might have been indefinitely postponed or perhaps never thought of. The little English township, however, not being able to attend *en masse* the county meetings, sent as their representatives "four discreet men," and these discreet men are the founders of representative government. The English House of Commons, our own national Senate and House, the Senate and House of each State, the European republics, the representative features of European monarchies, the democratic movement in China,—all can be traced directly to the political ideal foreshadowed in the four

³ See Fiske's *American Political Ideals*, p. 63.

discreet men who journeyed at stated seasons from township to shire-meet.

America, however, though not originating the system, has made it peculiarly and almost distinctively her own not merely by extending its scope but by enriching its concept. The word representative as commonly used may mean two very different things. It may mean average, and it may mean superior. Here, say, is a community of one thousand people. If I throw them all into a melting-pot, boil, stir well, ladle out the one thousandth part, and make a man of it, that man will be representative of that community because he is the exact average of that community. But in a higher sense a representative represents the best in his community. He is representative not because he is an average man but because he is not an average man. He is a future-minded man and therefore a leader. He stands not at the base of the popular mountain but nearer the more convergent summit. In both senses the word designates a type; but in the first sense it designates a stationary or slow-moving type, in the second sense a type already far advanced on the road along which others are to follow.

Now a self-governing community recedes or advances in exact proportion as it adopts the first or the second of these meanings. An average man may make a very good delegate; he cannot make a real representative. Whenever a man is elected to a political office because he is "one of the boys," representative government is sacrificed to the idol of the average. Whenever he holds office because he is a "discreet" man, representative government vindicates its origin and assures its future. Enlightened public opinion in America has from the beginning been overwhelmingly in favor of the man who is not an average man, who is not a mere delegate, but who represents his community by the force of qualities that are more than average. While the machinery of politics continues to elevate the average man, public opinion continues all the more insistently to uphold the ideal of the superior man. Never was the demand for enlightened and forceful leadership more urgent than it is to-day. It is a demand that proves both the presence and the vitality of the representative ideal.

There are those, however, who see in certain signs of the times a new peril to representative government. The initiative and the referendum, we are told, aim at the very vitals of the representative system. I am glad that I do not hail from a State or from a section of the country where these measures are generally advocated, but I do not see in them the threatened overthrow of representative government that others see. Their ablest advocates advocate them solely as emergency measures. They champion them not as a means of throttling representative government but as a means of throttling the men who are already throttling representative government. They may be mistaken — the question, at least, is a local one — but it behooves their opponents to investigate each local situation with impartial thoroughness and to say what other emergency measure would serve better. The same ideal of freedom that gave birth to representative government gave birth also to the desire to strengthen it where it is weak and to help it up where it has fallen. An ideal is in danger not when a community here and there desires intelligently to experiment with its application but when the nation as a whole says, "You shall not experiment." An ideal has then become a fetish.

The second principle of American government that is now an unchallenged ideal is the principle of federation. Here again neither Greece nor Rome blazed the way. They knew the method of conquest by incorporation but not the method of federation by representation. The United States, with its forty-eight independent commonwealths, is incomparably the greatest triumph of political federation that the world has ever seen. If the time ever comes in the providence of God,—

"When the war-drums throb no longer, and the battle-flags are furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,"—

the glory of the World-Parliament will be England's, but the glory of the World-Federation will be America's. It is no wonder that John Fiske, who believed that there would yet be a United States of Europe based on the federal system of our own Union, grew eloquent when he talked to an English audience of the greatness of the men who laid the foundations of our federal strength. "The working out of this feature in our national con-

stitution," said he, "was the finest specimen of constructive statesmanship that the world has ever seen." Such statesmanship indeed is more than constructive: it is creative. It brought into existence a new ideal of government. It vindicated not only the right of self-government, but the competency of self-government over an area and a population unimagined before.

I wish, however, to enter my protest against that interpretation of American history that would make the Southern States the anvil on which federal government wrought out its greatest victory. This widespread misconception of our history implies that there were two sections in the United States, one seeking to uphold federal government, the other to overthrow it. That is not true. Federal government as a principle, as an ideal, was not at stake, but only a particular form of federal government. The first paragraph of the Constitution of the United States declares that we, the people of the United States, do ordain and establish this Constitution "in order to form a more perfect union." The first paragraph of the Constitution of the Confederate States of America declares that we, the people of the Confederate States, do ordain and establish this Constitution "in order to form a permanent federal government." Scrutinize those two paragraphs as you will, the advantage for federal government as an ideal does not lie with the first.

There are a few lines from a speech by one of your own great orators that have lingered for years in my memory because of the cogency of their appeal and the beauty of their phrasing. In his second speech in reply to Webster, Robert Y. Hayne used this language: "The gentleman is for marching under a banner studded all over with stars and bearing the inscription, 'Liberty and Union.' I had thought, Sir, the gentleman would have borne a standard displaying in its ample folds a brilliant sun, extending its golden rays from the centre to the extremities, in the brightness of whose beams the 'little stars hide their diminished heads.' Ours, Sir, is the banner of the Constitution. The twenty-four stars are there in all their undiminished lustre. On it is inscribed, 'Liberty, the Constitution, Union.' We offer up our fervent prayers to the Father of Mercies that it may continue to wave for ages yet to come over a Free, Happy, and

United People." Study the two great speeches as you will, the advantage for federal government as an ideal does not lie with the first.

IDEALISM IN THE AMERICAN PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

No survey of the ideals of the American people would be even approximately complete that did not include our public school system. The seventeen and a half million students enrolled in the public schools and State universities of America constitute the greatest organized effort ever made by any people to carry out God's first command, "Let there be light." If we borrowed representative government from England, our school system is original.

And yet the ideal underlying it was of very slow growth. There is no reference to education in the Declaration of Independence or in the Constitution of the United States. It is hardly referred to in the congressional discussions of the time, though the disputants were chiefly college men. Only five of the first constitutions of the original thirteen states make any reference at all to education, these being Georgia, North Carolina, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire. Education at public expense was not the fruit of a theory; it grew out of the practical workings of democracy. Each State had to find out for itself and did find out for itself that democracy without education is a building without a foundation; that, in a form of government where the political unit is the individual, education is not a luxury but a life-preserver.

As the growing needs of democracy called the common school system into being, so the common school system must recognize it as its first duty to serve democracy. This seems to me the most far-reaching lesson taught by the origin of our public school system and by the nature of democracy. It is a lesson that America was slow to learn and that is not yet completely learned. But we lose nothing. By making citizenship the ideal we have enriched the meaning not only of citizenship but of education. The old threefold aim of educational effort — body, mind, and conscience — remains intact. Citizenship does not substitute a new aim; it merely vitalizes the old aims by

giving them definite direction and daily exercise. We are beginning to see that education is not a preparation for life — it is life itself. The increasing interest in civics and history, the teaching of agriculture in the common schools, the library movement, the new realization of the possibilities of the remote country school, the emphasis put upon community service, upon the economic and industrial phases of education — all point to a newly awakened consciousness of the vital relationship between education and citizenship.

A few years ago the citadel of democracy in the South was the courthouse. To-day it is the public school. It is not surprising that so cautious a leader as Ex-President Eliot recently declared that Americans must look to the South for the most interesting developments now taking place in public education. A new force has been disengaged in the South, a force that we call educational statesmanship, a statesmanship vitalized by the prospect of industrial supremacy and by the vision of a regained national leadership.

The pupil, then, who leaves the public school without the ideal of citizenship as service, has not only misconstrued the purpose of the American public school system but is himself an indictment of the method by which the system, in his own case, has been carried out. Among the new demands laid upon the teacher is that of vocational direction. It has long seemed to me that vocational guidance, if not vocational training, is the duty of every school under the supervision of the State. The time is doubtless coming when every high school faculty will serve as a committee on the vocational guidance of every pupil committed to their charge. They can merely suggest, it is true, but, by conference with the parents, they are in a position to suggest wisely and well. There would be fewer round pegs in square holes and square pegs in round holes if every teacher set himself to study not only the capabilities of his pupils but the corresponding needs of the community, so that a helpful relationship might be established. The new ideal of citizenship is after all an ideal not merely of training but of finding the thing that fits the training.

IDEALISM IN AMERICAN LITERATURE

No nation can be called idealistic unless it has a literature and a literature that embodies lofty ideals. There was a time when America was thought to be dominated by crude materialistic aims, and, without investigating American literature, foreign critics inferred that this too must necessarily reflect a materialistic purpose. That time has passed, and passed forever. Among European nations we owe it chiefly to the Germans that our literature as a whole is beginning to be justly appraised for its characteristic idealism. In 1895 Edmund Gündel, a German biographer of Poe, declared that the essential trait of American literature was its splendid idealism. In 1902 Louis P. Betz, another German student of Poe, spoke of the interesting contrast between the outer and the inner life of the American people, the outer life characterized by a seeming materialism, the inner life by the "Excelsior" note. In 1897 Eduard Engel, the author of an excellent little book on American literature, used this striking language: "The most distinctive note in American literature is its idealism. All great American writers, all those whom the Americans consider great, have been without exception idealists, almost, in fact, ultra-idealists. It is no accident," he adds, "that from an American poet, from Longfellow, the world should have received that exquisite poem whose refrain, 'Excelsior,' has become the watchword of idealists in all lands." That is high praise but it is just. Every history of American literature ought, it seems to me, to contain at least one chapter entitled "Idealism in American Literature." Such a chapter might show the idealism in our oratory, our fiction, or our lyric poetry. In them all there is reflected the spirit of a people not querulously discontented but not smugly satisfied, a people proud of its past but more eager to interpret its present, and to summon both past and present to the service of a wider future. Let us glance only at our lyric poetry.

The men who have given most characteristic expression to the lyric impulses of the American people are Longfellow, Emerson, Poe, Lowell, Holmes, Whittier, and Lanier. Now each of these has written at least one poem that might well be called his creed

of idealism. Only brief selections can be given here. If Longfellow in his *Excelsior* sounded the note that was heard round the world, he sounded no clearer or more representative note than that struck from the lyre of his contemporaries. "My purpose," said Longfellow, was "to display in a series of pictures the life of a man of genius, resisting all temptations, laying aside all fears, heedless of all warnings, and pressing right on to accomplish his purpose. . . . He perishes, without having reached the perfection he longed for; and the voice heard in the air is the promise of immortality and progress ever upward."

Emerson gives his poem the suggestive name *Forerunners*:—

Long I followed happy guides,
I could never reach their sides;
Their step is forth, and, ere the day,
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.
Keen my sense, my heart was young,
Right good-will my sinews strung,
But no speed of mine avails
To hunt upon their shining trail.

He hears at times their voices, their harp-like laughter, the notes of their summoning music, but to overtake them is impossible.

To Poe the quest of the ideal is the search for an unattainable Eldorado. It is a young knight that goes forth:—

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
"Shadow," said he,
"Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?"

"Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,"
The shade replied,—
"If you seek for Eldorado."

Longfellow suggested as a fit epitaph for Poe's tomb two lines from Poe's own poem *For Annie*:—

And the fever called 'Living,'
Is conquered at last.

Would not the last stanza of *Eldorado* express better the unconquerable idealism of the poet and the idealism of the nation whose fame he carried into all lands?

In Lowell's *L'Envoi* there is the same ceaseless and unavailing, but not unrewarded, quest:—

Whither? Albeit I follow fast,
In all life's circuit I but find
Not where thou art, but where thou wast,
Sweet beckoner, more fleet than wind!

No American poet has summed up in one line the essential nature of a high ideal better than Lowell in a line from *L'Envoi*:—

Thou lithe, perpetual Escape!

Holmes finds the lesson of idealism in the life-habits of a chambered nautilus:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

Whittier sings the ministry of ideals in *The Vanishers*, a title strikingly like Emerson's *Forerunners*:—

Sweetest of all childlike dreams
In the simple Indian lore
Still to me the legend seems
Of the shapes who flit before.

Flitting, passing, seen and gone,
Never reached nor found at rest,
Baffling search, but beckoning on
To the Sunset of the Blest.

Beauty that eludes our grasp,
Sweetness that transcends our taste,
Loving hands we may not clasp,
Shining feet that mock our haste;

Guided thus, O friend of mine!
Let us walk our little way,
Knowing by each beckoning sign
That we are not quite astray.

Lanier's ideal is that of service. As Longfellow pictures the search for the ideal under the form of a young mountain climber,

moving steadily upward but away from men, so Lanier sees in the course of the Chattahoochee the type of the idealist who hurries down from the hills to serve in the plains:—

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

There are nations that have greater names on their literary roll than America. But what nation can show a group of poets, equally representative, who have chanted the beauty and the sustaining power of idealism more spontaneously, more appealingly, or more consistently than the poets whom we have just cited?

IN CONCLUSION

That there are difficulties and even dangers ahead I do not doubt. The most serious seems to me the passing of the frontier and the coincident coming to our shores of great hordes of unassimilable immigrants. The frontier, the great manufactory of Americanism, ceased to be in 1890. From 1880 to the present time eighteen million immigrants of utterly alien stock have been added to our population. They come not from the Baltic region but from Africa, Asia, and especially from the negroid population of Southern Italy. America welcomes and will always welcome immigrants whose social and political ideals are of kindred nature with our own. But whether we can continue unharmed to be the dumping-ground of alien stock is at least questionable. If these immigrants came as children, the case would be different, though education can do little more than bring out what is already latent: breed, at least, is more than pasture. But every day in the year there land on our shores at least one thousand men and women not only un-citizenized but incapable of being citizenized. They go to the crowded centres where the Americanizing influences are weakest and the

disintegrating influences strongest. It was Chateaubriand who said: "Every institution goes through three stages — utility, privilege, abuse." Unrestricted or nearly unrestricted immigration served at one time the ends of utility; the great steamship companies converted it to a privilege; and it has now become a national abuse. We are imperiling our heritage of idealism because we are watering the nation's life-blood.

I bring you, however, no message of despondency or even of doubt. My own faith is that our heritage of idealism will be, as in the past, more than a match for our heritage of difficulty. I believe that as God sifted the seed for this nation, so He will protect it from mildew and blight, quickening it with the sunshine of His smile and nurturing it with the tender rain of His benediction. The message that I would leave you, young gentlemen, is that Americanism in its last analysis is idealism, not the idealism that dreams but the idealism that does, not subjective idealism but constructive idealism. In this faith I bid you go forth and conquer.

C. ALPHONSO SMITH.

University of Virginia.

BOOK REVIEWS

SHAKESPEAREAN AND OTHER PAPERS. By John Bell Henneman, Late Professor of English in the University of the South. University Press, Sewanee. Cloth, gilt top, with photogravure portrait; by mail, \$2.15.

No one interested in the hopeful progress of the best scholarship in the South can read the memorial volume, *Shakespearean and Other Papers*, by the late John Bell Henneman, without a feeling of sadness and keen regret that the author has ceased from his labors. The preface, by Professor Trent, and the biographical sketch, by Professor Bruce, are of that rare kind of tribute from friends and associates to which one can unfeignedly say amen. For, partial as they must be and ought to be, these friends do not value beyond their worth the fine qualities of heart, the sterling intellectual attainments, that enabled Professor Henneman to exert so wholesome an influence upon his students and upon the larger body of readers. If one who knew him but casually may be permitted to add a remark, I should say that the pages of this volume show that full knowledge of what used to be called the "humanities," which is essential to broad scholarship, and which is too often wanting in the more highly specialized students whom our universities are turning out: his training made him exact in the detail, his reading gave him that "full mind" of the scholar who can "settle hoti's business," but who can also call up "the spirit of him who left half told The story of Cambuscan bold."

The ten papers of which the volume is made up have all appeared in print before, most of them in the pages of this REVIEW. There are four upon Shakespearean topics, an extended study of James Lane Allen, four studies presenting various aspects of Southern scholarship in English and in history, and a criticism of the great Hungarian, Jokái.

It is hard to contribute anything of value in pure criticism upon a Shakespearean theme; the purely interpretative work has been done so often — so badly and so well — that the gleaner in these fields finds much straw, little unsheaved wheat. For this reason, Professor Henneman's papers on the subject are less

satisfactory than others in the book. He himself understood this, and there is acknowledgment of the fact not merely in the words with which the first paper opens, but also in the various repetitions of words and thoughts throughout the papers, as when, on p. 57, he repeats what has been said on p. 19, and on p. 70 what has been said on p. 35. One of these studies, to be mentioned presently, is of far more value than the rest, though I would not be taken to imply that any are in substance or in tone other than what one has a right to expect from a thoughtful and well equipped student of the great poet. In fact, careful reading discovers but one point upon which one might complain of loose statement. This is when (p. 71), in discussing the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, he first rehearses the old tradition that the play was made to order for Elizabeth, with the implication that the tradition is of little value, and then proceeds: "Whatever the tradition be worth, the result was *The Merry Wives of Windsor*"—apparently giving credit to the tradition. It has always seemed to me that the point of this play is missed by many critics—for, poor as it may be as a patch of the life of Falstaff, of whom one may say that here "this is not the man," the play has a point. The Falstaff who is persistently the butt of the citizens' wives is not the triumphant and doubly precious old rogue of the great trilogy. The play is meant as a counter-satire upon the stock subject of many comedies which show the London citizen's wife eager to ape the court, ready to sacrifice fortune or fame for the chance to associate with the courtiers, to "get into good society." But we must not follow this suggestion further. In one of the papers, that upon "The Episodes in Shakespeare's, *I Henry VI*," we find the best fruits of Professor Henneman's study. The discussion of the vexed problem of the authorship and of the relation of this play to others shows the careful and judicious critic, applying to the study methods almost as exact and as convincing in their results as those used in the metrical tests, and never carried to extremes in the mad desire to establish some purely personal guess. One comes from the reading of it with a clear understanding of the points to be proved, and a conviction that they have been proved. Whatever be the truth with regard to the authorship of the play,

Professor Henneman's keen analysis makes clear the genesis of it.

None of the papers is more significant of the things for which the author stood than the group devoted to such subjects as "English Studies in the South," and "Historical Studies in the South since the War," in which one perceives his generous participation in and judicious estimate of all that could help the intellectual development of his people. But space precludes extended comment upon these.

That which shows the best critical power of the author is the study of James Lane Allen. It is no mere biography, no mere eulogium, but a fine piece of philosophical criticism, in which the larger purpose and intent of Mr. Allen's work as a whole is traced from the beginning. His developing power, the gradual coming of a conscious artistic purpose larger than that of most of our writers, and the perfected style that sets his work apart from that of others,—all this is clearly presented and attractively phrased. Professor Henneman is by no means a stylist himself, in the sense of seeking the smart phrase; but he writes effectively, and indeed with that sort of control and poise that best accords with the serious purpose of his criticism.

I cannot better close this notice of the volume than by sincere assent to certain phrases used by the friends who have prepared it is a fitting tribute to Professor Henneman's memory. "From him," says Mr. Trent, "students of our Southern history can learn to be loyal without being in the least reactionary." And says Mr. Bruce, "when death claims such a man, the whole South may well feel that it has lost in him one of its most valiant servants."

PIERCE BUTLER.

THE CLASSIC POINT OF VIEW. By Kenyon Cox. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

This is a book that everyone should read. Everyone should know something of art, and rarely do we find its eternal principles set forth with such lucidity. One of our greatest artists and the one who is carrying on most brilliantly the great Venetian tradition — of all living painters the one who comes nearest

to the spirit and technique of Paul Veronese—Mr. Cox is a master craftsman, and qualified as are few to speak on technical questions. He is also an eminent art critic, possessed of a broad culture and familiar with the productions of all climes and all ages. This wide knowledge, this mastery of technical problems, would be useless for purposes of authorship unless guided by sound taste and capacity for expression in words. Many artists have so personal a way of seeing things that any work differing from their own seems to them wrong. Others have catholic appreciation, but defective capacity for expression.

At rare intervals knowledge, taste, and capacity for utterance are united in one man, and then we have a book like Fromentin's "*Les Maîtres d'Autrefois*" or this of Mr. Cox's.

And there was never a time when the message which Mr. Cox utters with such clearness was more needed. Art has of late years fallen into chaos. The great annual exhibitions are largely responsible for this. Amid such a crowd a man can hope to attract attention only by crying at the top of his voice. To be noticed, it is not enough to do good work; something sensational must be achieved. And so men leave the ancient paths that led to the glories of the past, and seek to astound the public by the originality—which usually means the crudity—of their productions. To succeed they must be noticed, and to be noticed they must startle the public. If a picture makes a sensation, it is pretty sure to find a purchaser, no matter how atrocious it may be.

One of the greatest evils of modern art is the critics. There was never anything like our modern art criticism. In the old days, art criticism was too conservative, failing to recognize merit in anything that left the beaten track. Now, most of our art critics are like the painters, anxious to make a sensation at any cost. Like the artists, their ambition is to "*épater le bourgeois*." They cannot assert their superiority by praising what seems beautiful to the normal man; but by going into ecstasy over works that offend every canon of sound criticism, by declaring that the most intolerable product of perverse ugliness is a marvel of genius, they can prove that they possess a perception surpassing that of the vulgar herd. People are

strangely prone to believe anything that they see in print; and while their common sense revolts at these monstrosities, they come to accept them because a lot of smart critics tell them that they are the thing to admire. It is not too much to say that a majority of the published criticism on contemporary art is really a misfortune, leading astray the artists and the public alike.

At such a time Mr. Cox's book comes as a trumpet-peal, calling the scattered hosts back to the true path that leads to sanity and beauty. Only those art manifestations that are sane and healthy and fair to look upon can hope to endure. Every other form of artistic production is but a fad which may be carried forward for a few years by a blare of trumpets, but which is sure in the long run to be consigned to the scrap-heap. Not all cultivated men are critics. The most of them may be misled for a time; but the meretricious gradually palls upon them and the works that embody some conception of truth and beauty ultimately prevail. It is a pity, however, that the ugly and the perverse should have a temporary success. If everybody would read Mr. Cox's book the number of such temporary successes would be vastly diminished. In nothing else written of late is the gospel of truth and beauty and of sound workmanship so happily set forth. We have much talk of truth and beauty in art by those who have little knowledge and cannot impart to others the reason of their faith. Here is a book that sets forth the true principles in a way that makes a comprehension of them possible to all who read; and its dimensions are so moderate that no reader need be discouraged. He may not be a great art-critic when he has read it; but his feet will be set upon the right road.

GEORGE B. ROSE.

THE LETTERS OF RICHARD HENRY LEE. Collected and edited by James Curtis Ballagh, Ph.D., LL.D., Professor of American History in the Johns Hopkins University. Volume I, 1762-1778. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1911. pp. xxvii, 467. Price, \$2.50 net.

Scarcely any man of like prominence in his day is so little known as Richard Henry Lee. This is due in no small degree to the fact that no adequate collection of his papers has hitherto been made. The two-volume *Memoir* published by his grandson

in 1825 contained only 70 of his letters. He was not careful to keep a complete collection of his own papers, so that much of what survives was kept by his correspondents and is consequently widely scattered. Dr. Ballagh has shown not only great industry but great resourcefulness in collecting the letters now published. The majority of them have never before been printed; of the others many are reproduced from scattered and obscure publications. Most of the letters were drawn from the manuscript collections of Harvard University, the University of Virginia, and the American Philosophical Society, while stray letters were found in various other manuscript collections in this country and abroad. The present volume is admirably edited and printed.

Richard Henry Lee is best known as the mover of the resolution for a Declaration of Independence. That he did not write the Declaration is due to the fact that he left Philadelphia a few days after offering his resolution and Thomas Jefferson was appointed on the committee in his place. It has usually been stated that he was called home by the illness of his wife, but this appears to be a mistake. The Virginia convention was then in session and on the point of adopting a constitution and electing a governor. From Williamsburg, under date of June 29, 1776, he writes to General Charles Lee: "The desire of being here at the formation of our new Government brought me from Philadelphia the 13th of this month." He remained in Williamsburg until July 6, having witnessed the adoption of the constitution and the election of Patrick Henry as first governor.

Lee's most important work was as a member of the Continental Congress. He was one of the most prominent members of this body, serving as president and on several of the most important committees. His letters on the plans of the war committee and on foreign relations are especially interesting. He was of an enthusiastic temperament and was inclined to exaggerate the extent of American victories as well as of British reverses. In common with other members of Congress he was completely deceived in Gates and Charles Lee, with the latter of whom he kept up an intimate and familiar correspondence. Many of the earlier letters throw an interesting light on affairs

in Virginia in the days preceding the Revolution. He wrote constantly to his brother Arthur, a London barrister, later associated with Franklin and Deane in the mission to Paris, and to his brother William, a London merchant. These letters deal with shipments of tobacco and other plantation business, the education of his sons, the purchase of clothes, and all sorts of business and financial matters. In sending over his two sons in 1772 in his brother William's ship, he writes: "I hope you will make the passage as light as possible, for in fact they have their own bed, and as much provision as they will or can eat during the voyage, so that their water, and the room they take up in the Ship is all the expense they create." This passage and the following order for spectacles give some idea of the inconveniences of American life in those days: "I pray you then to procure me a pair of the best Temple Spectacles that can be had. In fitting these perhaps it may be proper to remember that my age is 46, that my eyes are light colored, and have been quick and strong, but now weakened by constant use. My head thin between the temples."

The letters further show that Lee and other men of the upper class were financially embarrassed and also dissatisfied with the form of government. Writing to Edmund Pendleton just before the adoption of the Virginia constitution he says: "However imperfect the English plan was, yet our late Government in Virginia was infinitely worse. With us two-thirds of the Legislature, and all the executive judiciary Powers were in the same hands. In truth it was very near a Tyranny, altho' the mildness with which it was executed under Whig direction, made the evil little felt." Dr. Ballagh has rendered a great service to historical scholarship in placing these letters before the public.

JOHN H. LATANÉ.

CRETE, THE FORERUNNER OF GREECE. By C. H. Hawes and H. B. Hawes. New York and London: Harper & Brother. 1911.

The first edition of this little book was published in December, 1909, and after a little more than a year a second edition has been found necessary. Thus the excavations now going on

in Crete are reported on down to the close of the year 1910. Ten years ago there was scarcely anything to tell, but the progress of archæological research is very rapid in Crete, and it is to be hoped that the present edition may be succeeded by others in the future.

The book should give the greatest satisfaction to the student and general reader who have an interest in the advancement of knowledge concerning the history of the human race and of Western civilization. One is here taken back in a most interesting way to life as it was lived several thousand years ago on an island which had probably been inhabited by peoples employing stone implements and weapons for thousands of years previously.

The chapter on Minoan chronology in the book before us is replete with astonishing things for the uninitiated. The Minoan Age is another name for the Bronze Age in Crete and represents in round numbers 2800-1200 B.C. It is subdivided into three periods, Early, Middle, and Late, each of which is again subdivided into I, II, and III. Thus the middle part (subdivision II) of each period falls approximately at 2500 B.C. and 1500 B.C., respectively. The so-called Golden Age corresponds to Late Minoan II and shows a wonderfully rich and advanced civilization. Many of the arts, such as architecture and pottery, were highly developed. Pictographic and linear writing is also evidenced by the large number of tablets found in this stratum as well as farther down, showing that the art of hieroglyphic and probably also syllabic writing was known in Crete as far back as 2000 B.C., or even earlier. It is to be regretted that no one so far has been able to decipher this writing. When the numerous tablets have been read, if that time ever comes, we shall know a great deal more than we now do in regard to the identity of the Minoans. At the present time nothing seems to be known in regard to the character of the language or languages spoken from 3000 B.C. down to the coming of the Greeks. In 1908 there was discovered at Phæstos, on the south side of the island, a disk made of terra-cotta and covered on both sides with picture-writing. This has been dated at about 1800 B.C., in the Middle Minoan period. Dr. Evans regards

it as of foreign origin. Whether the language of this disk is Greek, Etruscan, Lycian, Semitic, Hamitic, or what-not, seems still to be undecided. An attempt to read it as Greek has been made by Professor George Hempl, whose solution of the riddle in *Harpers Magazine* astonished the world last year.

A description of the sites uncovered during the last ten years occupies a large part of the book. A glance at the intricate plan of the palace of Knossos on page 48 will assist the reader in assenting to the conclusion that this palace is really identical with the 'fabled' Labyrinth and the home of the Minotaur. The word *labyrinth* means "the place of the double axe," and the double axe symbol is frequently found on walls and other objects in the palace of Knossos. It further appears that "the bull is represented so frequently that the Minos-Bull may be taken as a heraldic beast." So it is not at all improbable that the old and familiar legend has a historical basis and that foreigners were actually "devoured" by bulls in the arena at Knossos.

Also another legend, that of the lost Atlantis, may have a historical basis in the sea power of King Minos. (Possibly "Minos" is a title like "Pharaoh.") This identification is sympathetically quoted by the authors from an anonymous writer in the *London Times*. The description of the island and of the bull-hunting seems to correspond very well in the main to the facts as now known in regard to Crete. Only the localization of the island beyond the pillars of Hercules is troublesome; but this may perhaps easily be explained by the fact that the story was first told to Solon by an Egyptian priest, who would naturally describe the island as located, from his point of view, far to the west. From Solon's point of view, however, Crete would be out of the question and he naturally thought of the island as situated beyond known land in the far west, never suspecting that a great civilization lay buried beneath heavy deposits at Knossos, Phæstos, Gournia, and other places in the near-by island of Crete. The explanation is so attractive that it cannot fail to be of the greatest general interest.

The book has a preface from the hand of Arthur Evans, the greatest authority on Crete. Of the authors, Mrs. Hawes has

herself done most important archæological work in Crete. Mr. Hawes has made extensive investigations into the anthropological characteristics of the inhabitants of the island, ancient and modern. The reader is therefore sure to be well guided when he takes this little book in hand. S. M. HAGEN.

THE AMERICAN DRAMATIST. By Montrose J. Moses. Illustrated. Boston : Little, Brown & Co.

In a volume of more than three hundred pages on *The American Dramatist* Mr. Moses enters a field which has been almost wholly neglected. The reader who looks for a definitive utterance on the subject, however, will be disappointed. Mr. Moses is too confirmed a realist to see all, especially the deeper, aspects of his subject. He deals more with theatrical than with dramatic questions; and without making a very serious effort to trace significant movements and forces, he gives us, in a somewhat sketchy fashion, the history of the stage itself. "Newspaper condition, i. e. as the American newspaper sees American condition, is the one original note in our theatre," he says. Though he asserts that our playwrights should go deeper than this and, relying upon "not cleverness, but understanding," should draw "from the soil matter which is the essence of national life," one feels that he has failed to catch the larger vision which sees the external, to be sure, but also looks beneath it. He quotes with gusto Henry Arthur Jones on the idea that "if a play is truly alive, it must be literature;" he affirms that Americans do not care for tragedy as a form of art; and he assures us that "no definite tendency in American drama" can be found, because "there is no well-defined philosophy of American life" and no spiritual struggle to look back upon. The absence of native technique which he laments will strike most people as a thing far less serious than the lack of developed capacity in our stage to give us imaginative drama. But if allowance be made for limitation of outlook, Mr. Moses has written a valuable book. He has commented interestingly on all our playwrights of consequence; he has discussed intelligently such special topics as the national theatre, the open-air performance, and the moving-pic-

ture show; and he has compiled with industry and accuracy a vast array of details in regard to the stage, writers, and plays. While he has not at any point been so engrossed in theory as to forget the dependence of the drama upon the people, the chief merit of his work lies in the genuine contribution it makes to an ideal suggested in the preface: "If the student of the drama does not begin to realize that dramatic records must be preserved, there will never be any hope for the future literary historian who might desire to consider the evolution of American drama."

GARLAND GREEVER.

THE MINISTRY OF OUR LORD. By the Bishop of Sodor and Man. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

This is a work of which the distinctiveness of presentation is all the more noteworthy, as this type of book is at the present time appearing in such variety and number, and that too from the hands of gifted scholars and writers. The secret of the present volume's appeal is in its author's intense interest in it. Dr. Drury is at once a profound critic, a comprehensive student, and a skilful handler of his literary material; but above all else his present scheme is of supreme interest to himself, personally, so much so that one might say he had written to satisfy himself. Therefore, his work is eminently satisfying to his readers. *The Ministry of Our Lord* is not only an historical account, nor merely a paraphrase of the evangelical Diatessaron, but an exegesis of that life and of its biographies written in the power and insight of the Spirit.

BOOK NOTES

The Stability of Truth: A Discussion of Reality as Related to Thought and Action. Being the third series of John Calvin McNair lectures before the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill, January 7, 1910. By David Starr Jordan (Holt). "The purpose of this book is to set forth the doctrine that the final test of truth is found in trusting our lives to it. Truth is livable, while error is not, and the difference appears through the strain of the conduct of life." This central thesis is developed in six chapters, entitled: "Reality and Science," "Reality and the Conduct of Life," "Reality and Monism," "Reality and Illusion," "Reality and Education," "Reality and Tradition." The conclusion of the whole matter is summed up in a paragraph at the end: "The Truth we need is the truth we can use in our affairs. The life of action verifies and validates the world of realities. For 'we are men,' after all, says Fonsegrive, 'and not gods. We know the whole of nothing, but we know something. 'Tis but little no doubt, but this little suffices our purposes.'"

The Religion of Beauty in Women, by Jefferson B. Fletcher, contains a series of essays "mixed in tone and treatment," that "glance at one interesting event in the literary history of woman—the rise and fall of a peculiar worship, or maybe idolatry, of her physical and spiritual beauty as a means of grace." "The creed took form in Italy. Plato's idealism is behind it; but it is the passion for beauty of the Renaissance itself, and no mere metaphysical system, that gives fervor to the mood, is the soul within the doctrine." The titles of the various essays are: "The Religion of Beauty in Women," "Dante and Beatrice: A Variety of Religious Experience," "The Oracle of Love in the Twelfth Chapter of *La Vita Nuova*," "The Philosophy of Love of Guido Cavalcanti," "Benevieni's Ode of Love and Spenser's *Four Hymnes*," "Did 'Astrophel' Love 'Stella?'" "Précieuses at the Court of Charles I."

Other books, of which some will receive fuller treatment later, have been received as follows: *Die Amerikanische Literatur*, by C. Alphonso Smith, being Vol. II of *Bibliothek der amerikanischen Kulturgeschichte* (Weidmannsche Buchhandlung, Berlin. Imported by Lemcke and Buechner, New York). Lectures delivered by Professor Smith as Roosevelt Professor in the University of Berlin. To be reviewed in the July issue by Professor Garland Greever, of the University of Arkansas. *Practical Training in English*, by H. A. Kellow, Head of the English Department in Allan Glen's School, Glasgow, Scotland (D. C. Heath). *Essentials of Poetry*, by W. A. Neilson (Houghton Mifflin); *Lectures on Poetry*, by J. W. Mackail, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford (Longmans). Both volumes are to be reviewed in the July issue by Professor Pelham Edgar of the University of Toronto. *Heralds of the Dawn: A Play*, by William Watson (John Lane). Reserved for fuller notice. *Woodland Idyls*, by W. S. Blatchley (Nature Publishing Company, Indianapolis). *The Singing Man*, by Josephine Preston Peabody (Houghton Mifflin Company). *The New Democracy*, by Walter E. Weyl; *The New History*, by James Harvey Robinson; *The Mediæval Mind*, by Henry Osborn Taylor; *Principles of Economics*, by F. W. Taussig (Fuller notice will be given to these volumes, all of which are published by the Macmillan Company). *The Greek Romances in Elizabethan Prose Fiction*, by Samuel Lee Wolff (Columbia University Press). *Human Confessions*, by Frank Crane (Forbes & Company, Chicago). *The Gates of Twilight*, by H. E. Harman (Stone & Barringer Company, Charlotte, N. C.), a volume of verse. *Harmen Pols*, by Maarten Maartens (John Lane). *Bridle Paths*, by Isaac Rusling Pennypacker (Christopher Sower Company, Philadelphia). New volumes of *The Tudor Shakespeare* that have been received are: *Coriolanus*, edited by Stuart P. Sherman, and *Troilus and Cressida*, edited by John S. P. Tatlock. *The Art of the Theatre*, by W. Gordon Craig (Browne's Bookstore, Chicago). To be reviewed in a subsequent issue by Professor J. W. Tupper, of Lafayette College, Pa.